

BULLETIN
OF THE
AMERICAN IRIS SOCIETY

JULY, 1938

No. 70

C O N T E N T S

Foreword, <i>B. Y. Morrison</i>	1
Region Nine Speaks its Mind, <i>Franklin Cook</i>	3
Taking Names for Iris Seedlings, <i>M. E. Douglas</i>	19
From California, 1938, <i>Edward Salbach</i>	36
Along the Iris Coast, 1938, <i>Julius Dornblut, Jr.</i>	45
Notes from a Midwest Iris Journey, <i>Mrs. James A. Sapp</i>	51
Iris Comment, 1938, <i>Sherman R. Duffy</i>	54
Comments on New Iris, <i>Chas. E. F. Gersdorff</i>	65
Iris Pilgrimage, 1937, <i>Bruce C. Maples</i>	67
Address by Dr. Roger T. Nooe, Sunrise Devotional Service Peabody Campus, Sunday, May 8, 1938	78
A Winter Iris Jaunt, <i>Mrs. W. G. Du Mont</i>	80
Iris Planting Hints for Southwest Texas, <i>Eddie Fanick</i>	83
Substance in Iris, <i>Howard Weed</i>	86

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THE AMERICAN IRIS SOCIETY

FOREWORD

■ In spite of all intentions to the contrary, the Editor usurps the front page once more, and quite unblushingly. He wishes to point with pride to the great number of names that have been added to the editorial staff and to beg each member to cooperate with any one of these members who may ask for written contributions. If there were room, it would be splendid to have the geographic regions added to the names of these new editorial assistants, but nearly all of these members are so well known that that is not necessary. We have now as far-flung an Editorial Committee as one might hope for. Nothing of interest should escape their notice. None of you should feel that you are too far from the center of things. Please look up in your last membership list, the addresses of all these new editors; find the one or ones nearest to you and make it your business to get acquainted with them. Let them know what you are doing and hoping to do. Whisper in their ears all the abuses you would like to put on paper and yet dare not read; egg them on to the invasive projects that you feel you cannot accomplish single handed!

Of course if you have been reading the papers, or even if you have only been looking at your own thermometer, you will blame the foregoing paragraph on the heat and other unmentionable matters, but that is not really the case. This step in enlarging the Editorial Committee and spreading the responsibility for the matter to be printed in the BULLETIN, is one of greatest significance and the joke is going to be on you if you do not do anything about it in your turn.

Some of you will be saying by now, of course if we had known about this last May we might have done something about it. That is no excuse. The folders that have to be maintained for the filling of future BULLETINS should always be looked upon as aching voids. This of course is not true, but it should be your concept of the

situation. You should look upon yourself not as an humble and obscure person but as the one saviour of the situation. When you go into your garden in blooming time, you should look upon all that beauty as so much possible copy. When you look at your seed pods, you should think of their structure and formation and dash off to see if there are any species seed pods of which you could get a splendid photograph. When you dig up your plants for division, you should examine them for the possible ravages of the borer and record his (or her) hungry progress. Perhaps if you are statistically inclined you will even measure the lengths of the annual growth of the rhizomes and write a profound paper on the relation of the annual growth to the apparent floriferousness of the variety in a clump. If you are less active and spend your time in "lying in the shade" you may even bring your wandering fancy to earth by recording the million inspirations that you have for making the most wonderful iris garden that "ever was," overcoming that final inertia that lies between daydreaming and the actual effort of accomplishment. Or, if you are none of these, you can always resort to that major sport of writing to the President (Dr. Everett, of course) and tell him what is wrong with the Society and all of us. If you think that you cannot have ideas on this score, I can always help.

Various communications will be coming to you in the mail. They may even reach you before you read this. Please read them with care and act upon them. They are important in the running of the Society. With this very sober request, this yellow sheet of copy paper is pulled from the much abused machine.

B. Y. MORRISON, *Editor*.

REGION NINE SPEAKS ITS MIND

FRANKLIN COOK, M.D.

■ This is a report of the tabulated results of a questionnaire sent out to all members of Region Nine early in March. It was thought that considerable light might be thrown on certain problems confronting iris fanciers in this region if we could get a good return from our members. Hardly had I sent out the last blank questionnaire when the first completed sheets started piling back in. Before a week was up we had a 20 per cent return, at the end of the month a 60 per cent return, with more coming in every day. I was delightfully surprised at the intense interest shown and the comments made concerning ways to improve the work of the Society. These will be quoted later.

The region consists of the states of Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska, and within its limits reside 183 members of the A.I.S., or about 20 per cent of the total membership in the country. Iris do well throughout the region, although in the western part of it summers are very hot and dry and late frosts are often most unwelcome. Still, by and large, the iris provides, here as elsewhere, a maximum return of beauty for a minimum expenditure of care.

Our questionnaire was divided into eleven major questions.

1. *How many named varieties of iris have you in your garden?*

Answers varied from 36 to 1,050, average 225. I was surprised to find the average so high; obviously our Region Niners go in for quite a number of varieties once they've been bitten by the "bug."

2. *Make a check in front of the statements below which best describe your reasons for growing iris.*

a. *Iris in my garden are just one of many flowers in a perennial border.*

Number checked: 1 per cent.

b. *The iris is my favorite flower and takes up a large part of my garden.*

Number checked: 92 per cent.

c. *I breed iris.*

Number checked: 42 per cent.

d. *I am in the business of raising and selling iris plants.*

Number checked: 25 per cent.

e. *Other reason (Describe).*

Number checked: 10 per cent.

To me, these answers hold a great deal of meaning. It indicates, first, that A.I.S. members are ardent fans, that once they start raising iris they give up most other flowers and from then on the problem is to find more room for their favorite flower. And almost *half* of the members are doing some breeding, mostly for fun, to be sure, (and what fun it is!) but they all hope to produce THE super-iris some day. And have a grand time trying to do so.

One out of four of us is engaged in raising and selling iris plants! But this number includes very few who depend on this business for a livelihood. For most, it is a sideline to bring in a few dollars which go right back into the "business." But I don't need to remind anyone that this sort of competition makes exceedingly tough going for a man who hopes to make a living selling iris rhizomes.

Among the "other reasons" for growing iris were these:

"I use them a lot for basket-work, in funerals: early ones for table bouquets. Intermediates with tulips. Tall, clear colored iris make gorgeous bouquets for Decoration Day and for large rooms."

"I study my irises to get my eye in trim for color in peonies later on."

"I grow my iris exclusively for show purposes, at which I have been most fortunate."

"I grow irises for the pleasure of myself and neighbors, and to show the people around here what real flowers are."

"I am a botanist who has made a special study of iris."

"Iris in my garden are used for flower arrangements."

3. *Do certain varieties of tall bearded iris multiply faster and bloom more freely than others for you?* Yes, 100 per cent.
List the names of a few of the most vigorous and floriferous varieties in your garden.
4. *List the names of a few varieties that have performed poorly for you year after year.*

Before tabulating these names, I feel one must note that this is a REGIONAL questionnaire. Many varieties that do poorly in Region Nine perform beautifully in other regions. Some that perform well here may do poorly in other regions. But it should be of value to at least Region Niners about to purchase stock, to know what varieties have consistently been good-doers here, and what varieties have been found difficult and have performed poorly for years by members in our region who have tried to grow them. In some of the following tabulations, one variety may be credited with doing well for some, poorly for others. In this case that fact is noted. It will be noted that many varieties originated in California are here rated as excellent doers, and those from that state rated poorly would undoubtedly rate the same no matter from what state of the Union they happened to hail from, as long as they carried a great proportion of *mesopotamica* blood. Perhaps someone with a great deal of leisure might figure out the percentage of so-called "tender blood" in each of the iris listed below, and demonstrate its correlation with the "score" that variety received. But I do not volunteer to do this. Hic judicet orbis terrarum. The official score follows:

<i>Name of variety</i>	<i>Number of votes "vigorous and floriferous"</i>	<i>Number of votes "poor-doer"</i>
Amas	0	2
Ambassadeur	3	2
Amitola	2	0
Anne-Marie Cayeux	2	1
Argentina	0	4
Ashtoreth	3	0
Asia	1	3
Autumn Queen	0	2
Baldwin	4	0
Ballerine	4	2
Blackamoor	1	4
Black Wings	1	4
Blue Hill	1	2
Blue Monarch	3	1
Blue Velvet	3	8
Brunhilde	2	0
Buechley Giant	2	1

<i>Name of variety</i>	<i>Number of votes “vigorous and floriferous”</i>	<i>Number of votes “poor-doer”</i>
Bruno	1	4
Buto	4	0
B. Y. Morrison	3	0
California Blue	0	2
California Gold	2	0
Cameliard	2	0
Candlelight	0	5
Cardinal	0	4
Cecil Minturn	0	2
Cinnabar	4	0
Chromylla	3	0
Clara Noyes	6	1
Claribel	2	0
Columbine	2	0
Coppersmith	5	2
Coronation	11	0
Crystal Beauty	9	0
<i>cypriana</i>	0	2
Dauntless	16	0
Depute Nomblot	19	5
Desert Gold	1	2
Dolly Madison	17	2
Dominion	0	6
Doxa	2	0
Duke of Bedford	0	5
Dream	2	0
Eastern Morn	1	4
El Capítan	2	6
Eleanor Roosevelt	7	0
Elizabeth Egelberg	3	0
Eros	3	0
Ethelwynn Dubuar	2	0
Evolution	3	0
Fascination	3	0
Fragonard	0	3
Frieda Mohr	10	7
Geo. J. Tribolet	4	0
Golden Light	7	0

<i>Name of variety</i>	<i>Number of votes “vigorous and floriferous”</i>	<i>Number of votes “poor-doer”</i>
G. P. Baker	3	0
Grace Sturtevant	4	7
Happy Days	2	1
Helios	3	0
Henri Riviere	2	0
Imperial Blush	7	0
Indian Chief	11	1
Jean Cayeux	3	3
Jerry	2	0
Joycette	4	0
King Juba	6	0
King Midas	4	2
King Tut	3	4
Kochii	3	0
Legend	2	0
Lent A. Williamson	5	0
Lord of June	2	3
Los Angeles	8	9
Mme. Cecile Bouscant	0	3
Mary Geddes	4	1
Marquita	0	2
Meldoric	1	5
<i>mesopotamica</i>	0	4
Micheline Charraire	1	4
Midgard	15	1
Mildred Presby	2	1
Missouri	7	2
Ministre Fernand David	0	3
Mrs. Herbert Hoover	2	0
Mrs. Valerie West	4	1
Morning Glory	2	0
Morning Splendor	9	1
Naranja	2	0
Nebraska	2	6
Nene	2	4
Neon	2	0
No-we-ta	9	0
Numa Roumestan	0	2

<i>Name of variety</i>	<i>Number of votes “vigorous and floriferous”</i>	<i>Number of votes “poor-doer”</i>
Omaha	0	5
Ophelia	2	1
Oriana	3	0
Osceola	2	0
Paulette	4	0
Peaches	2	0
Phebus Cayeux	3	0
Pink Opal	4	0
Pink Satin	7	1
Pluie d'Or	12	2
Prairie Gold	2	0
President Pilkington.....	4	1
Princess Beatrice	4	0
Purissima	3	21
Queen Caterina	3	0
Rameses	27	1
Red Dominion	0	2
Red Radiance	3	0
Red Robe	1	2
Rhea	2	0
Rheingauperlé	3	0
Robert	2	0
Romola	0	3
Rubeo	0	2
San Francisco	2	20
San Gabriel	0	4
Santa Barbara	1	7
Selene	3	0
Sensation	3	8
Shining Waters	4	0
Sierra Blue	3	1
Sir Launcelot	2	0
Sir Michael	2	5
Snow White	3	0
Snowking	2	0
Southland	4	0
Spring Maid	2	1
Spring Prom	2	0

<i>Name of variety</i>	<i>Number of votes “vigorous and floriferous”</i>	<i>Number of votes “poor-doer”</i>
Souv. de Loetitia Michaud	1	7
Summer Cloud -----	0	2
Swazi -----	2	5
Sweet Lavender -----	2	0
Tenebrae -----	2	0
Thais -----	1	2
The Black Douglas -----	4	0
The Red Douglas -----	2	0
Theodolinda -----	3	0
Thuratus -----	3	2
Trail's End -----	2	0
Trostringer -----	4	0
Valor -----	3	0
Venus de Milo -----	6	2
Vert Gallant -----	3	1
Vesper Gold -----	2	0
Violet Crown -----	3	1
Wambliska -----	6	4
Wedgwood -----	4	1
William Mohr -----	2	14
Winneshiek -----	1	2
W. R. Dykes -----	0	8
Zuni -----	2	0

* Varieties receiving only one vote, (either way) were not included in the tabulation, since it was felt that the experience of a lone grower would fail to be significant.

Those experienced growers who have seen this tabulation before going to press seem to agree with its results practically unanimously. It expresses quite accurately what the *odds* are, for or against, satisfactory performance by the varieties named, under good growing conditions, *in this Region*.

Someone may object that those individuals failing to secure satisfactory performance from the varieties rated predominantly as “poor-doers” may not have used the usual precautions as to soil, drainage, sunshine and winter protection necessary for optimum growth and development. Well, we’re ready for them, too, with our next question:

4a. Which of the following factors do you consider responsible for the poor showing of these last-named irises:

Innate tenderness?

Poor drainage?

No winter protection?

Not enough sun?

Five per cent of our members admit that poor drainage may have played a role in the poor showing of the iris varieties that they listed as unsatisfactory. Another five per cent felt that perhaps lack of full sun might have had some adverse effect. But eighty-one per cent gave their "poor-doers" winter protection in the hope of "coddling them through." So that one may fairly say that the varieties rated as predominantly "poor-doers" were given every benefit of extra care and extra coddling, and still they wouldn't perform properly.

Almost all of the members reporting were convinced that since they had planted healthy roots in good soil, with adequate drainage and plenty of sun, the only remaining reason for their poor showing was "innate tenderness." And I think no one will gainsay them. The evidence is conclusive. "But," writes one member, "even if I have to buy ten new roots of Purissima every year in order to guarantee a few blooms annually, I am STILL going to grow Purissima!" While another fan: "If they can't take it, to hell with them." And still another: "Until a few years ago, we were forced to grow some of the tender varieties. We had no other choice. Some of them were 'tops' in their class. But today we have hardy varieties in every single color class, that excel or at least equal the tender ones."

The next question we thought might be interesting to those of us who wonder about the value of covering iris plants with straw, excelsior, hay, boxes, baskets, pine boughs, leaves, etc., insofar as it affects the next season's crop of bloom. Especially so in regard to the so-called tender varieties.

4b. Do you believe in "winter protection" for so-called "tender" irises?

Yes: 76% No: 24%

4c. Have you ever tried the experiment of covering ONE plant of some variety for the winter, and leaving a similar plant of the SAME variety uncovered, and noticed any difference in the vigor or floriferousness of the two plants the next season?

Seventeen members HAD tried it. Seven noticed a decided difference in favor of the plants that had been covered. Ten noticed no difference, and two wrote that the covered plants rotted out while the uncovered went through the winter and bloomed well the following spring. About all one can say about such inconclusive figures is that they do NOT particularly support the general idea that covering helps an iris plant to weather the winter or bloom more freely. However, since there are so many different factors involved, such as varieties of iris tested, kind of covering material used, how much and when applied, etc., I do not feel that the question has yet been answered satisfactorily. Further experiment is urgently needed.

5. *Do you think that DEPTH OF PLANTING affects either the plant's power to "weather the winter" or to put up a good bloom stalk the following summer?*

Yes: 94% No: 6%

5b. *How deeply do you plant an iris rhizome?*

<i>Like a duck-on-the-water</i>	1%
<i>With top of rhizome level with surface of soil</i>	20%
<i>With top of rhizome one quarter inch under surface</i>	40%
<i>With top of rhizome one half inch under surface</i>	27%
<i>With top of rhizome an inch or more under surface</i>	12%

I hope the results here shown will finally convince garden-writers for popular magazines that the "duck-on-the-water" idea is dead as a dodo.

Comments one iris fan, "A duck swims with his body five-sixths above water, one-sixth below. Try to plant an iris rhizome that way. Just try it once!" Many other equally illuminating marginal notations were made on this subject.

Many members wrote that the earlier in the season they did their planting the nearer the surface they planted their rhizomes. Later in the fall they covered the roots more deeply to prevent heaving. Other interesting comments were:

"I have found that my plants make better increase if they are well covered with soil, than if they are planted with the rhizome exposed. It seems as if the side buds can take root better that way than if they are 'hanging out in the open.' "

"Rhizomes planted too deeply, say an inch or more, are apt to rot in a wet winter, but will not heave out the way shallow-planted roots will."

“Clay soil demands shallow planting, but the roots will burn in our climate (Kansas) if exposed to direct sunlight in our hot weather.”

“We plant our iris with the top of the rhizome level with the soil. But in the fall, just before the first freezes, we hill them all up an inch or so, and remove this extra earth in the spring. In this way, the roots don’t heave, are perfectly protected during the winter, and still are ‘ready to go’ in the spring as soon as we scrape the hills away.”

“Soil type determines depth of planting: a heavy soil requires more shallow planting than a sandy one. But even in clay, the rhizomes should be completely buried.”

“Deep planting winters best but is most susceptible to rot.”

As will be readily seen by noting all these suggestions, they are all consistent with each other, and none of them are contradictory. Together they constitute a good guide to depth of planting in this region.

It was Dykes’ opinion that the bearded irises should be divided and planted immediately after they have flowered, when they are just starting to put out new roots. In Region Nine, this means the latter part of June and early in July, a period of the year when drought is often just around the corner. And most of us have no artificial water supply. Do Region Niners find that these early plantings do better than those set out later in the summer? Opinion was divided.

6. *When do you prefer to do your dividing and planting?*

<i>June</i>	15%
<i>July</i>	23%
<i>August</i>	22%
<i>September</i> ..	22%
<i>October</i>	1%

I have an idea that if this same question had been asked of the membership twenty or even ten years ago, the “early planters” would have won by a great majority. But since July and August are such hot months here, a great many of us have noticed that iris planted in July and August AND NOT WATERED, are apt to practically stand still and make no progress whatever during these months, whereas if allowed to remain until just before the onset of the fall rains before being transplanted, they will have withstood the drought months better and still have time to take a

good hold before October frosts. Planting time should therefore be determined by the normal expectation of a return to good growing conditions, i.e., moisture and moderate temperature.

7. Which disease of iris bothers you most?

Iris borer	25%
Iris rot	60%
“Neither”	12%
Scorch	2%
Leaf spot	1%

8. Are the ratings of iris varieties in the BULLETIN of help to you in selecting iris to purchase for your garden?

Yes	91%
No	9%

This vote was to me one of the greatest votes of confidence ever given the judges of a flower society. It should effectively silence those critics who have maintained that our ratings were “unfair,” “partisan,” “of no value as a guide to quality,” etc. Our members state emphatically that our ratings *are* a help to them. But HOW MUCH help are they? Are they taken literally, as “Gospel truth”?

8b. Do you consider these ratings:

All-important	13%
Of great importance	40%
Of moderate importance	37%
Of little importance	7%
Of no importance	3%

9. About what percentage of irises that you purchase from time to time, do you buy without ever having seen the variety in bloom?

Answers ran all the way from none to 100%, average 37%.

The necessity of a rating system for iris varieties becomes apparent when more than one third of all the stock purchased by members is bought on “faith.”

9b. When buying “sight unseen” this way, which do you regard as more important—the AIS rating or a catalog description?

AIS rating	68%
Catalog	17%
“A composite of both”	15%

Many and vociferous were the comments made in the margins near these questions. I should have printed the questionnaires on asbestos paper! Here is a selection of the more printable quotations:

"There are some catalogs I should not credit under oath, but there are some who speak in such plain, honest terms of their goods that it inspires confidence, and before I buy, I generally look at, say, the Longfield Iris Farm catalog; if they say it is one of the best of its sort I have every reason to believe it is close to that, and have never found them to describe a best and then some 'better-than-best' in the same issue."

"As in all highly competitive businesses, some dealers always let themselves go and make absurd statements about their 'new introductions' being far superior to existing varieties when they are in reality far from equal to them. The American Iris Society should serve as a *buffer* between these dealers and the unsuspecting public, by rating and freely commenting on new varieties that are *no good* as well as those that are truly superior."

"I would like to see less courtesy and more frankness in the columns of the BULLETIN in regard to new introductions. We depend on the honesty of the judges for the real 'dope' on new varieties, and if they are going to rate only the fine things they see, and just pass up and keep silent on the poor things, how are we to know what is NOT good?"

"I never buy an iris rated less than 85."

"Catalog descriptions generally come under the same heading as patent medicine advertisements—utterly worthless. I make an exception for Mrs. Pattison's and Mr. Schreiner's."

"Both AIS ratings and catalog descriptions are at fault—the first because they are not regional, and the second because the "necessity" of moving a dealer's stock becomes the 'mother of invention' of glowing descriptions that are best described by the word 'hooley.' "

"*Keep* rating the old-timers along with the new ones, so we will know how they compare. From a 1937 catalog I gathered that Candlelight still rates 96 with the AIS. Is this correct? Will this be corrected in the future? If not, I know some blue blends that ought to rate 200 if Candlelight is still 96! You have to have taken the BULLETINS for many years in order to get the ratings of iris only a few years old. Why can't we have a *yearly* list of up-to-date ratings of all iris introduced within ten years?"

“Novelties are much over-rated. Breeders are far too anxious to keep the market flooded with inferior productions. I don’t know how the Society can stop these.”

“Have a ‘BLACKBALL COLUMN’ in the BULLETIN where conscientious criticism may be aired by amateurs who are thoroughly familiar with the variety they are discussing. I would like to see the author’s name signed to these criticisms, but realize that this could not be done with ratings.”

“In discussing iris with Garden Club members, I have learned that many people just beginning to like iris get false standards after reading the panegyrics in catalogs on mediocre seedlings.”

“Require a rating by at least ten judges in three regions before allowing a seedling to even be REGISTERED.”

“I am *through* buying ‘sight unseen’ from catalog descriptions, only later to have to give them away or plant them around my fence.”

“If the dealers don’t ‘clean their own house,’ can the Society do it for them?”

So much for that!

10. *Of your surplus iris rhizomes, what estimate would you place upon the percentage of them that you—*

<i>Throw away</i>	15%
<i>Give away</i>	60%
<i>Trade with others</i>	10%
<i>Sell</i>	15%

This tabulation includes commercial growers. If we eliminate them from this calculation the percentages for *amateurs only* read thus:

<i>Throw away</i>	9%
<i>Give away</i>	81%
<i>Trade with others</i>	6%
<i>Sell</i>	4%

I think there is much food for thought in these figures. Two marginal comments were notable:

“I assume that what is too poor for me is too poor for my friends, so I share only my best ones.”

“I keep on the lookout for young people who are just starting their gardening careers and let them have a few roots of their own selection to serve as a nucleus for their enlarging garden interest. Junior Garden Clubs come in this category, and I have supplied

many of them with their initial stock of this fascinating perennial."

11. *Have you any suggestions to make as to how the Society can serve you better?*

Over half of the members had one or more suggestions. Many of these have been quoted a page or two back. Most of them called for an earnest attempt by the Society to *limit registrations, introductions, or both*. This would seem to be the battle cry of 1938. How this could be done was suggested by a number of members in different ways. Some of the best and apparently most practical methods of attaining these objectives were made by the commercial dealers themselves, some of whom are striving for the same goal of fewer and better irises.

"A Registration Fee of one dollar should accompany every application for registration of a new variety by a breeder. This would work no hardship on any conscientious breeder, but would prevent most anyone from registering twenty or more varieties a year, none of which might ever be introduced."

"Official trial grounds might be established in each state or Region for the benefit of amateurs and professionals alike, where new varieties might be grown beside standard sorts, and where the judges of the state might see them together and rate them. I personally know of at least two Agricultural Experiment Stations who would undertake this work in cooperation with the American Iris Society."

"Such a large number of varieties are offered for sale each year that I think it is a matter of greatest importance that the Society should develop some method for placing before its members and the public some very definite information about the value of each variety. This procedure could be carried out most satisfactorily by cooperating with the floricultural departments of our various state agricultural experiment stations. If the Society would cooperate with breeders who have new varieties to offer the public, and provide the stations with stocks of these new varieties for use in trial gardens, we should have an effective plan for reaching valid evaluations of new varieties for planting in the various sections of the country. Unless some such plan is put into effect through the efforts of the Society, I feel certain that many unworthy varieties which have been over-ballyhooed will bring loss and disappointment to many amateurs and non-professional grow-

ers" (from the Vice Director of a State Agricultural Experiment Station).

"Why, oh why does the Society allow its Registration Lists to be cluttered up with hundreds of names of iris that will never be introduced and that no commercial dealer would be able to charge twenty-five CENTS a root for. Require a good rating by a good number of judges before even allowing a seedling to be REGISTERED!"

Altogether about half of the returned questionnaires carried some plea for reduction of registrations by some method the Society should adopt and adopt soon.

Of the dozens of suggestions to the Society that remain to be presented, I find it would take at least two thousand words to add onto an already rather long-winded article. I will be pardoned, I think, for condensing them:

"The Society is too impersonal. Let's have more get-togethers, local, state and regional, with good Judges to speak and show pictures if possible of the newer irises."

"We want more BULLETINS and a Supplement to the 1929 Check List."

"Why can't the BULLETINS come out on time? I get nervous prostration waiting so long after they are due to arrive. Sometimes it's months!"

"Would it be below the dignity of the A.I.S. to organize and cooperate with an Iris Dealers' Trade Association? I can think of plenty of problems the dealers are going to have to solve anyway. They might as well get together and work together with the Society for their own benefit!"

"We would like to see an 'Exchange Column' in the BULLETIN through which we could trade some of our fine varieties with other amateurs who may have surpluses of equally fine varieties."

"Would it cost too much for the current year's Dykes Medalist iris to be printed in full color in the BULLETIN each year?"

I am sure that anyone who has taken the time to read through this welter of facts and opinion will agree that Region Nine is indeed awake to almost every problem that confronts the iris fancier. To the more than one hundred members who answered their questionnaires so fully and painstakingly should go the thanks of the Society. Now it is up to the various committees of the Society

to discuss these, our suggestions, more fully. For the first time, we have made available some very definite information on several problems. Upon these figures, we hope, will be built further constructive policies to help iris fanciers attain an even keener enjoyment of their favorite flower.

COMMENT

The Editor has a deep-seated aversion to foot-notes and comments but this paper is too provocative. His own comment he reserves until another issue, but he hopes all readers will be prompted to reply and retort. One petition, the Editor does make, particularly to those persons whose comments are recorded on page 17, and that is that they reread the Aesop's fable of the miller and his son, who went to sell a donkey.

TAKING NAMES FOR IRIS SEEDLINGS

M. E. DOUGLAS

■ In publications of the Iris Societies of America and England, one finds suggestions which, upon reflection and test, will be found to contain sound counsel for the namers of novelties for commercial introduction. Consider, for example, three following quotations from those sources:

1. "A name has great influence and for all my best seedlings I have always given long and anxious thought before choosing its name. There is no doubt that Dominion owes something of its prestige to its name—it took me two years to think of it. Citronella came to me in two days and it has proved a very taking name. Swazi is not so very good, but it is probably a more taking name over here than in America, as we have had something to do with the Swazis in the course of our troubled South African history."—A. J. BLISS, A.I.S. BULLETIN 43, 1932, page 31.

Of course, one finds names that suggest varietal likeness to other objects or occasions,—thus one can almost see the raiser with pencil in hand recording his seedling's characteristics in such details as are the stuff that imagination builds with. After the two-hundred-eighty-three pages of the Alphabetical Iris Check List alone, one may well venture to describe such a raiser, hawk-like in intensity of vision and lively of fancy, in the act of swooping down upon, let us say, some real or imagined floral resemblance to such as a bird or to some aspect of the Lenten season, and winging that idea to nest in glee. In due course thereafter, in gardens generally, a Yellow Hammer or an Easter Morn is testimony to the concreteness of the observations upon which such names rest.

But one particular conclusion that widens the namer's field of choice appears to be quite unrelated to any unique apprehension by the namer of any such visible likeness as, let us say, to purity or cleanness such as Purissima, for example, may have. This conclusion, like the foamy emanation from Pilsener's best, might be

stricken off the top, if it were not seen to be verily of the imaginative faculty which is no small beer.

Take Dominion, for example: With your physical eyes, can you *see* the meaning which the name conveys to you? Certainly, it is about as abstract as truth or honesty. And Shekinah is about as recondite as the biblical Logos or Word after the meaning of which in our early teens we reached much as for the moon in bottle-nipple days,—and with little more success.

Yes, the conclusion referred to is that even an *abstract* name may have a really favorable and substantial selling-influence,—if it is chosen to fit the ways people's minds work. Well,—how do they work?

Exactly how came the prestige idea to be attached to Mr. Bliss' famous landmark iris by the sheer weight of its name, Dominion? The common noun, dominion, suggests governing or controlling power and at the same time the aggregate territorial area over which such power is exercised. Thus, for every subject of the British Empire, whether in Great Britain or Canada or Australia or any of the far-flung Colonies, and universally for Anglo-Saxons everywhere conscious and proud of ancestral ties to the motherland, the flattering name, Dominion, conjured up a host of memories and images of the past,—memories genealogical and traditional,—associated images mythological, historical, geographical, architectural, literary,—in short, the whole gamut of the great nation's experience, achievements, and character.

You see the ideas expressed by Mr. Bliss suggest how in selecting a name for your seedling to be introduced, you should be influenced, not by your own personal like or dislike as to any particular name *per se*, but should be guided rather by well-informed opinion as to whether your market will enthuse over, be indifferent to, or disapprove of it. Or, stated another way:

THE LARGER THE NUMBER OF HAPPY ASSOCIATED PICTURE-IMAGES WHICH YOUR SELECTED NAME CAN BRING UP FROM MEMORY'S DEEP WELL TO THE SURFACE OF CONSCIOUSNESS IN THE MINDS OF YOUR CUSTOMERS,—THE LARGER THE NUMBER OF SUCH IMAGES, THE BETTER THE NAME.

Thus the name Battleship may bring up at least three separate picture-images: (1) of a major type of ship, (2) of a celebrated American-bred horse, and (3) of a colorful high elevation visible

within the Grand Canyon as you look down from the rim near Hopi Point. The registration lists include numerous names which tend similarly to recall several different picture-images.

2. "A correspondent complains about the names attached to irises. 'Where,' for instance, is asked, 'Did anybody find such a heathenish name as Shekinah?' A shibboleth truly. I have nicknamed a shoe-height amoena, Bildad, using the same nomenclature. We may need more names from the same source, so I refuse to betray a trade secret."—A.I.S. BULLETIN 20, 1926, page 31.

What is your major objective when naming a seedling?—to choose a name that will please all classes of iris lovers? This customer's disapproval of the name, Shekinah seems to counsel you to select a name of universal appeal both to minds of grammar-grade development and to more cultured buyers. But this Shekinah inquiry could hardly have been written by anyone who was familiar with the literature concerning the outstanding contribution to civilization by the Hebrews. Furthermore, had that complainant consulted a good dictionary, the inquiry need not have been written at all. And, incidentally, if low-brow or kindergarden names are commercially the most suitable for novelties, how came Shekinah to have been in its day one of the world's most popular varieties?

All of which raises this question: Do iris novelties at introductory prices find a responsive market among small renters,—Among, for example, the so-called under-privileged city-slum folks?—or among the allegedly "forgotten" semi-nomadic farm share-croppers? Or, for that matter, among let us say the *one-third* to *one-half* of the population stratum *next higher* in intelligence, educational equipment and buying power? It takes a certain amount of education to make a man wear trousers; and for trousers, the existing market is where trousers are worn.

Then, too, the namer will do well to hear accurate pronunciations of difficult-looking but otherwise acceptable names, before rejecting them. Frequently words whose spellings look forbidding, are found when uttered, to have most pleasing sounds. Examples: Champs Elysses, Kirkcudbright, Kyr Odysseus. And numerous others which may look to be tongue-twisters, when pronounced correctly are heard to be really easy or at least of neutral effect. Examples: Aiguesmortes, Pinakothek, Salagnon, Chateau Yquem.

Occasionally a particular name will suggest to one person a happy memory and to another some disagreeable one. When the namer can anticipate such a result, he may well desire either to reject such name, or to decide which of the two opposed ideas will predominate in the minds of prospective buyers, and to accept or reject it accordingly. Thus, Auld Reekie, to a person conscious only of a secondary meaning for reek (primarily, smoke), might at first seem displeasing; but to any Scotsman or other person who has seen lively Edinburgh, it is a nickname of endearment.

3. "The influx of super-yellows which, incidentally, has only just begun, has induced my Assistant Editor to send out a heartfelt appeal to all raisers to refrain from any further use of the epithets Gold or Golden in selecting names for varieties. There are already sixty-six varieties baptized of that name, and with all the world's gold in the U.S.A., it really is up to us, at any rate, to leave it to them over there for what they can still make of it. Personally, I do not regret such happy re-incarnations as Golden Vanity and Golden Hind, though neither is near to name in color. And of course, there is sound classical foundation for Golden Fleece, though it always seemed less appropriate to Mr. Caparne's modest little creation than to a certain French restaurant where once I dined in perfect innocence. But otherwise it is about time that the auri sacri fama (accursed thirst for gold), even in America, had a bit of a rest. There are so many other colorful epithets, so many Woolworthian counters where one can get brightness cheap. Not a single breeder has so far used Peroxide, although one misguided man has actually christened 'his bantling Brilliantine!'"—
R. E. S. SPENDER, *Iris Year Book*, 1934, page 10.

For your distinctive seedling, do you seek a highly distinctive allure-name,—a name easily rememberable by buyers? Then you may well be interested in Mr. Spender's humor which illustrates the frequent absence of both distinctiveness and rememberability in compound-names beginning with color-names such as Gold, Golden, Blue, Yellow, etc. If there were sixty-six Gold or Golden appellations as of 1934, are there one hundred such today? If you think of adding to such present number, *exactly* how from your catalogued compound-name for your seedling will your customers be able, without seeing it, to remember it or to differentiate it by

memory from all of as many as one-hundred others in the columns-long Gold or Golden index?

Today, the total number of iris names which include adjectives of color is so very, very large as to suggest the belief by numerous namers that there is just one pre-requisite to popular demand,—namely, that the novelty must bear a color name: blue, golden or as it may be. Indeed, one can see how such names may have some sort of influence upon a certain class of trade; to illustrate:

One day I approached the store of a worthy Philadelphia seedsman. On the sidewalk near the door were five or six baskets full of rhizomes dug a week or two before. Each basket bore a label,—yellow, pink, red, etc.,—all priced at three for 25c. A cash-and-carry customer who preceded me at the inside counter bought a dozen irises: “Three *yellow*, three *pink*, three *red* and three *white*,”—such was the order. And that, I think, represents the approximate extent of the market which mere color names, of their sheer selves, generally win for the namers who use them.

The continuing use of iris names with little or no appeal except color is perhaps a hangover or legacy from “The Curious and Profitable Gardener” printed in 1730, which suggested that all plants should be named to indicate their color. By actual later experience, iris breeders may perhaps have found some reason to support the opinion that it was well to use names beginning with a color adjective. Then, however, were iris check-lists and indexes choked,—were they even crowded with the multiplicity of such names? Perhaps one may be permitted to think that today such a name is apt to contribute little influence, save only further to irritate the iris-wise enthusiasts who are already sick and tired of the unimaginative, repetitious use of bromidic epithets. Indeed, most of the jokes about the commonplaceness of Smith or Cohen in telephone directories could be applied as well to the general run of irises named Blue This or Golden That.

Of course, none of the foregoing applies to compound-names which, despite color adjectives in them, are really distinctive and of pleasing appeal by suggesting to the customer some previous happy memory or interesting experience. Thus, when applied to varieties whose actual colors approximately fit the names, the following in themselves, for additional reasons such as just suggested are believed to be essentially good: Blue Boy, Brown Betty, Gobel-
lin Red. Suppose someone asks, what is distinctive about *boy* in

Blue Boy? Well, boys are *not* blue. Then, too, Blue Boy is the title of a popular painting by a celebrated artist. It has been seen by innumerable people. Full-color reproductions of it for framing have been purchased in countless shops here and over-seas, and have been published in domestic and foreign periodicals of the very largest circulations. Thus, the mere name is known to suggest to many people memories that are pleasant.

Then, too, nothing foregoing is intended to impute common-placeness to color-words which in themselves are not names of specific colors. Ridgway, for example, does not list Afterglow as a color-*name*, but how many color-*words* more colorful than Afterglow can you mention offhand? Even Moon-wake and Under-bright, good as they would be, seem less colorful. Yes, Color Route is one of the widest, most scenic and most direct ways to the human heart, yet even the road to Xanadu would eventually pall if you drove or flew it every day.

If we could have seen developed negatives of the minds of some of our word-loving raisers, taken at the times of loosing their imaginations upon the search for taking names, perhaps we might have observed mysterious shapes spectre-like and elusive in the dim backgrounds of the prints. Of all those shapes, probably relatively few have emerged from the shadows into the light of registration lists. Others, like At Dawning, Imperial Blush and Sun-mist, *have*,—in triumph, with glory chariots! As names, their values were refined in the conscious and subconscious fires whence they came. And of even these three, their aggregate quality, splendid as it is, seems less significant and instructive than were those shapes that haunted their namers' minds during the selective processes of naming them.

Good judgment, discriminating taste in naming a seedling for introduction, is based upon foresight as to how the minds of prospective buyers will react to the name. Your name-problem might be stated thus: Of all the flower-lovers able to buy your novelty at your price and who will see or hear its name, what percentage will have a strong liking for the name? Thus, the process of choosing the name becomes an adventure in psychology. In a most entertaining old volume, perhaps now out of print, "A Garden of Peace," by Mr. F. Frankfort Moore, published in 1921, I found the following account of the thought-processes of an ingenuous, naive mind under stimulus of a name:

“It was our neighbor, walking on our terrace one day in mid-July, who told us of a beautiful poem which he had just seen in the customary corner of the Gazette. This friend had got hold of a gem. Our roses reminded him of it. He could only recollect the first two lines, but they were striking:

“‘There’s a bower of roses by Bendameer’s stream,
And the nightingale sings in it all the night long.’

“Bendameer was some place in China, he thought, or perhaps Japan,—but for the matter of that it might not be a real locality, but merely a place invented by the poet. Anyhow, he would in future call our terrace-walk Bendameer, for could anyone imagine a finer bower of roses than that beneath us? He didn’t believe that Bendameer could beat it.

“If our friend had talked with Sir Foster Fraser—the only person I have met who had been to Bendameer’s stream,—he might have expressed his praises much more enthusiastically. Sir Fraser told me that the stream was a complete fraud. It was nothing but a muddy puddle oozing its way through an uninteresting district.

“Our friend returned to us the next day with the complete text of the Lalla Rookh song and read it out in full to us, but he failed now and again to get into the lilt of Moor’s melodious anapests,—an amazing fact, considering how they sing and swing themselves along from line to line.”

Some readers will remember, I fancy, their earlier years when the tale of the Delhi Princess and Sultan Feramorz gave romantic thrills to many admirers of the author; but whether or not iris breeders of today associate any such stirrings of youthful emotion with the alluring syllabic sounds of the name of that Persian river, I, for one, have pleasant memories of them.

And in addition to all that, I love Gatty’s old Irish song, Bendemere, of similar pronunciation, to such an extent that I hope some day to raise a seedling worthy of that name.

People everywhere confess to the amazing mystical charm by which certain words exert all but irresistible power to attract them. Conversely, people everywhere are conscious of an often equally amazing and sometimes unaccountable aversion to certain words.

Six of us were sitting here at dinner one day, including my small grandson, then aged eight. There was discussion about name-

words, fascinating and otherwise. Finally, somebody quoted the hackneyed saying: "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." "Not if it is goat," right then and instantly young Jack piped up.

A year prior to this incident, I had taken Jack to Italian-farmer Tony's place, to see a goat,—Jack's first introduction to one. The creature offended the lad's every sensory faculty,—optics, olfactories and all. Much as he had previously relished a certain brown Norwegian cheese, thereafter, when he learned it was made of goat's milk, Jack would have none of it; nor will he to this day.

If Jack lives to his hundredth year, with mental vigor, I fancy his present dislike for the word goat may continue to that age, so vivid and intense an impression on his retentive mind was made by Tony's animal. And while Jack loves flowers, it seems safe to say no one will ever sell him even an iris or a rose named after any goat, disguised how you will as Bezoar, Markhor, Ibex or even cousin Chamois,—not even if glorified as Golden or Snowy or with whatever other prefixed color-name the raiser can pull out of his hat.

Speaking of pulling out of hats, reminds of other pleasantries in Mr. Moore's "Garden of Peace":

"A *taking* title is not always the same as a *take-in* title. I recall how the late R. D. Blackmore accounted for the popularity of Lorna Doone: people bought it believing that it had something to do with the then extremely popular engagement of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise." (One wonders whether our late Mr. Burchfield read Mr. Moore.)

"And yet, so far from feeling any remorse at arriving at the Temple of Fame by the tradesman's entrance, he (Blackmore) tried to get upon the same track again a little later, by calling his new novel *Alice Lorraine*; people were talking a lot about Alsace-Lorraine at the time, as they have been doing ever since." (Did M. Turbat, too, read Mr. Moore?)

"I think Blackmore was fully justified in refusing to change the attractive name of his heroine of the South Downs because it happened to catch the ears and the pence of people interested in the French provinces which were 'pinched' by the Germans who added insult to injury by transforming Alsace-Lorraine to Elsass-Lothringen.

"So far as I am concerned, I would not have shrunk from

calling my book a Garden in Tipperary, if I had written it a few years ago when all of England and a third of France (he might have added, all of America) were ringing with the name Tipperary." Is Tipperary still in the current song books of Rotary and Kiwanis or has recollection played me false?

Whatever name you contemplate using people won't think much of it unless it does catch their ears. Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public have a strong predilection for euphonious names,—names easy to listen to, names mellifluous, names sweetly flowing, names honey smooth, names musical, jingle names even. If anybody tries to sell you one of his pet names full of harsh, throaty gutturals,—as with say a bunch of k's and g's inextricably entangled in three or four syllables,—yes, even when less impossible,—for example, Yggdrasil,—well, politeness may prompt you to enter his pet on your list of eligibles, in the presence of the donor, but that name should be a case of out of sight, out of mind, as soon as he goes.

Yes, from an auditory standpoint, a one-word name is good in proportion as its pronunciation consists of pleasing or smoothly-flowing sounds; a compound-name, in proportion as its several words are combined so as to please the ear when pronounced. As to whether a particular name is euphonious, individual opinions vary. Both unfamiliarity and long acquaintance with particular word-sounds contribute largely to the hearer's opinion of them as mellifluous or otherwise.

The pronunciation of a foreign word uttered as a linguist of that country pronounces it tends to be more pleasing to American ears generally when its accurate foreign pronunciation consists wholly of sounds already familiar to our people. On the other hand, a foreign name-word that includes any sound which Americans generally can not easily imitate is, for the domestic buyer, relatively less alluring than one which he can easily imitate. Thus the German *ch* in *Rheintochter* is an example of a sound relatively difficult for Americans.

Lovesome, all too rarely met with nowadays, is a word which would make a splendid name for a deserving seedling, if for no other reason, because of just one association with ideas about God and gardens. To the point, I quote from another choice old book, published by Macmillan & Company in 1901,—“Old Time Gardens” (Alice Morse Earle):

“I recall that gem of English poesy which always makes me pitiful of its author; that he could write this, and yet in

his hundreds of pages of English verse, make not another memorable line:

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
 Rose plot,
 Fringed pool,
Fern'd grot—
 The veriest school
 Of peace; and yet the fool
Contentds that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
 Nay, but I have a sign;
 'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

It is believed that the iris raiser's market opportunity for his novelties at introductory prices is in a stratum of the populace substantially thinner than was suggested by the previous question concerning what percentage of flower lovers will have a liking for the name you choose. For my observation is that educational limitations are a most burdensome handicap upon responsiveness to new varietal offerings in print.

Among our friends, neighbors, acquaintances and casual visitors in the garden, I have observed that those who are able to buy novelties and who have both the interest and the discrimination to select the better new things in plants, rather than the inferior older material, are generally people with mental and educational equipment above the average. They have more than a mere bowing acquaintance with literature, history, geography, music, art or kindred subjects knowledge of which makes for a fuller life and a wider outlook. If my observations mean anything, they indicate that from such stratum of the raiser's possible buyers come the great percentage of people who know the difference between a Laburnum and a Larkspur, a *Pinus resinosa* and *Plumbago lar-pentae*,—or, if you please, a Naranja and an Honorable.

I, therefore, believe that a sound judgment as to the suitability of a particular name involves thinking primarily as to how the name will interest flower-lovers of culture. In other words, I should try to choose names to popularize novelties among the upper educational levels of the total potential market and should look for such popularity to seep downward upon the "follow the leader" basis,—“keeping up with Lizzie.” Campbell's Soup won that part of the national market represented by homes of domestic

servants, because the servants demanded for *their* homes the brand they saw given preference in the homes of their *employers*.

Naming to plumb the depths of the memories, to scale the heights of the imaginations and the fancies of our comparatively more cultured people,—choosing names to please *them* is far easier than to name down to the understanding of less literate, shallower and less well developed minds. Happy names of allusion to every recorded outstanding experience of mankind thus come within the range of possible eligibility—if the words are fairly euphonious. I know that an existing registration requirement makes *too-long names* taboo, notwithstanding the subsequent official approval of Our Lady of the Snows; but that taboo seems not to be in any way related to whether or not a particularly long name may have strong selling-influence. Then too one does not know just exactly what constitutes a name too long to win official sanction.

People of education do not balk at any name just because it is not in everyday use in the average home. Cultured people are quite familiar with rare words. Beyond that, they have at elbow unabridged dictionaries, standard encyclopedias and various other works of reference. For such people, it is as much an everyday occurrence to “look up” an unfamiliar name as to powder a nose or rinse a hand. Foreign names, say French and German and possibly Spanish, are not necessarily *outré*. Foreign-language dictionaries are either at hand or of easy access.

However, if you do use a name not indexed in an unabridged dictionary or in a standard encyclopedia, then in your price list in connection with the name, show *both first* its pronunciation, either with diacritical marks or in the Quality Garden way, *and also* its definition or meaning.

Sensitive ears,—and minds, would welcome similar clarification in the registration columns. Word-loving people do have an aversion to buying names the meaning or the pronunciation of which they can not find in the standard source-books.

If you question the soundness of this reasoning in favor of naming novelties for literate minds, listen to the ideas of Mr. R. Austin Freeman here quoted from his “Mystery of Angelina Frood,” published by Hodder and Stoughton Ltd., London. The bracketed words are mine:

“If two men, one literate and the other illiterate, look at a page of a printed book (or an iris-name), both may be said to be aware of it; that is to say that in both it produces a retinal

image which makes them conscious of it as a visible object having certain optical properties.

“In the case of the illiterate man, the perception of the optical properties is the total effect. But the literate man has something in his consciousness already, and this something combines, as it were, with the optical perception and makes him aware of certain secondary properties of the printed characters. To both, the page (or the iris-name) yields a visual impression; but to one only does it yield what we may call a psychical impression.”

The Alphabetical Iris Check List printed in 1929 contains two hundred twenty-one varieties whose names begin with the courtesy-prefixes Miss, Mlle., Mme., or Mrs.,—names apparently of undistinguished persons, they are for the most part. Few of them represent well-known personalities celebrated for outstanding achievement. Many appear to be names of relatives of raisers. Others, no doubt, are names given in compliment to friends. Under these circumstances one naturally concludes that such names were not expected to have much selling-influence, for they apparently had and have little, but rather were given to indulge the pleasure of the namers. Such names really have no selling-influence outside the immediate social circles or locality where the complimented persons are known.

To name floral novelties after human foods—they were deemed unethereal, plebeian, or vulgar—seems formerly to have been considered in bad taste,—that is, in certain circles,—opinion in the nature of obiter dicta shall we say? Yet the comparatively small number of food-words among the iris names in the Check List do indicate that namers have refrained from exploitation of the obvious selling-influence which food words have upon all and sundry hungries. Such abstention, however, appears not to have attained the binding force of usage or fashion.

Perhaps the psychical appeal in Ambrosia made it appear to be refined enough, although it is not so easy to see why the alleged food of pagan gods should be considered any less gross than Christian table delicacies. At any rate, Ambrosia is a most taking name—so taking that apparently not even pharisaical convention could have prevented its acceptance.

One wonders whether we do have today a better appreciation of the dependence of idealism upon the physical well-being which supports hope and aspiration. Or is it actually a degenerate

passion for material things, which has given entrée to varietal names such as Bluepoint, Dolphin, Speckled Beauty? Perhaps censors of manners and morals with respect to names might have black-balled the three as molluscoid or piscatorial,—not to say fishy; yet we also have Honeydrop and Taffy, and in addition, five or six more or less ancient and presumably honorable Nimrods, if no Isaac Walton, in the Check List,—and even Bonita just misses suggesting hot-grilled Friday fare by the difference between its final a and an o. So perhaps the colorful Bream might receive approval by the most fastidious fans.

In spite of Chanticleer's association with roast capon or spring chicken, one may ask whether Mrs. Grundy would have approved it for the Chaucerian allusion, or for her memories of the barnyard's lusty songster of the dawn. Even to an accredited feminine judge on a reducing diet, who has been afield rating seedlings all day and who has come ravenously hungry to dinner, one also surmises that Hindustan and its religion seem rather unfilling and remote,—for which who will blame her if she associates Brahma with the fricasseed rather than with far-off Ganges or Irrawaddy?

And what of Blue Goose, Golden Pheasant, Guinea Hen, Snow Goose?—all savory of the trencherman's delights!

A packed court of Chesterfieldian censors would have little compunction about breaking a rule in order to sanction Antelope and Gazelle if fitting, for reasons of the creatures' graceful carriage; and both Nimrodic censors everywhere and epicures wherever they are partial to game dinners would as quickly approve the two, rule or no rule.

In the lettering of Tangerine and Golden Maize, the palette may see only color images; the palate, only the citrus and corn on the cob.

Then, too, we have Charlotte Russe, Cream Puff and Eclair,—is it feminine liking for these desserts which makes them any less gross and therefore more acceptable? And should Milky Way have been rejected either on grounds of vitamins or calories, or because milk is hostile to duodenal dyspeptics? Heaven forbid!

And should Appleblossom have been tabooed because "the dumpling is less aesthetic than the bloom"? Or Baldwin ruled out because the big apple is less spiritual than the crusader? One must consider it poor taste indeed if the registration lists can never include other such juicy crispness as, for example, boyhood's much-loved Spitzenburgh and Fameuse. One confronted by such a rule

of taste might well shudder to think what reception prudish Puritanism might inflict upon any seedling called *Crepes Suzette* even though that name was invented by the Duke of Windsor's grandfather; for are there prudes even who have not heard of the words he is alleged to have uttered,—oh so delicately, to chef M. Georges Carpentier, after Edward and the mademoiselle had partaken of this then novel delicacy at a famous Rivieran hostelry long ago? The alternate name, *Sally Lunn*, might serve for proper equilibrium; the original *Sally*, while perhaps ineligible to any social register, was above suspicion.

With numerous approved varietal names such as *Champagne*, *Chianti*, *Claret Cup*, *Jamaica*, *Muscatel*, *Tokay*, *Wine Glory*, etc., no defense of beverage names seems called for, although total abstainers may look askance at over-indulgence suggested by *Freshet* and by one of Sir Arthur Hort's 1927 introductions which just dodges *Fizzwater* by spelling with a *t* in place of the first *z*. In such company, our own chummy *Jerry* might be thought to suggest a modern stream-lined roadster minus its front bumper,—for being shorn of the time-honored "Tom and" prefix. Perhaps the non-appearance of any *Golden Guinea* may point either to compliance with the English appeal against golden epithets, or to unfamiliarity by namers with a certain joyous thirst-quenching refreshment which once was obtainable at Brown's in London.

Close scrutiny of registered names discloses how most namers here and in England have neglected to their disadvantage certain name-classes which are nearly empty of superior modern varieties.

One is often surprised by the numbers of professional men who are enthusiastic garden-makers. It is therefore suggested that raisers select names well calculated to recall to the minds of large occupational groups memories of outstanding achievement in important professions.

Among iris enthusiasts, how many attorneys, for example, do you know? Can you suggest an iris name that would be likely to fire a lawyer's apathetic eyes in their downward progress through a column of novelties? Suppose he sees the name, *Cause Célèbre*: then what happens? Do his eyes sparkle and snap at the recollection of his own most celebrated case, perhaps in a county court or in the State Supreme Court, or in a federal court inferior or of last resort? Or, if he be less egocentric, does his mind jump instantly to the *Marbury*, the *Dred Scott* and the *Dreyfus* cases, for example?

And what of the medical profession, both general practitioners and specialists,—and their millions of grateful patients whose ailments have been cured? Can you imagine why we should have an iris named for Caligula but none for William Harvey?—or one for Nero but none for Louis Pasteur? Every American grower surely has rejoiced because at least one particularly outstanding leader of the profession, Dr. Charles H. Mayo, is represented among iris names. Doubtless the whole iris world would be glad of modern representation for other distinguished talent from Hippocrates to Madame Curie.

And what names do you think would be taking to instructors, professors or other specialists in advanced mathematics,—and to countless former students of its branches. Well,—suppose you examine the growing habit of your established two-year seedlings. See how many of them have their rhizomes arranged in a circle as if to anchor the foliage and stalks. Then look at the illustration of the torus shown in cut No. 1 of Britannica, 14th Edition, Volume 15, page 74. How would Anchor Ring do as an iris name?

Or, look among your seedlings for types that at the moment have standards which as a set are conical in profile. When you find one, then consider what you think of Conic Sections as a name for it. Among the same conical type, look at any which also have drooping falls,—you to stand ten feet or so away, your eyes focused on a line of vision to bisect the angle between two falls. Then think of a triangle both of whose sides at one point meet at the apex of the cone and at the other points terminate at the tips of the two falls. Finally look at a cut of an isosceles triangle. If you can see a resemblance between the latter and the bloom-form's line-effect in profile, then consider whether Isosceles as a name for the seedling would appeal to mathematicians. Or, would Pyramides?

There is one other and even more neglected name-class now almost without any representation in the Check-List. Our most competent iris experts are keen about having their collections improved particularly in respect of *vital qualities other than color*. For that reason, names designed to emphasize bona fide betterments in corresponding qualities such as substance, rot-resistance and proportion, for example, would surely have strong selling-influence among seekers for such thicker substance, for immunity to rot and for proportion more symmetrically balanced with respect to flowers and plant in all their parts.

Thus, when a raiser produces a novelty with petals of substance

really approaching that of a gardenia or a magnolia, one easily believes that even exaggeration by giving it some such name as Buckram, Doeskin, or Leatherstocking would be joyfully excused by its grateful purchasers, on the ground of "poetic license,"—even though one may see little of the poetical in these particular name-words.

Not infrequently a raiser is disappointed upon finding one of his favorite names to have been pre-empted by prior registration for another seedling by another raiser. In such cases, disappointment may sometimes be appeased by finding a synonymous name in the source-books. Thus Meander, Scamander and Xanthus are different names of one and the same historic river. If synonyms fail, it is believed that in the sea there still are fish as good as ever were caught. Also, there are fishermen and —

Doubtless many growers have happy memories associated with the variety Caroline B. Stringer, and with using Trojana in breeding. I have long felt that Trostringer, obtained by crossing the two, was a good name for Mr. Sass to use,—good because so associated with both the earlier ones, and for that reason happily remembered by growers. And considering also Trosuperba, Ri-Kochi and Ibball, there is ample precedent for many such good names to be had by similar couplings of other well-liked names. By way of illustration, Losantovar and Tovarissima at once suggest themselves.

Dealers in antiques concede the enhanced value which attaches to furniture of colonial style because associated with the idea of age. Yet, perhaps because iris introductory prices are commonly associated only with novelties, there seemed, at least for a time, to be in the minds of some iris raisers little liking for iris names which seem to suggest introduction in the remote past,—such as Old Madrid and Old Tapestry. One may perhaps be permitted to believe such disapproval to have been in some degree artificial,—raiser- or dealer-created. To any such prejudice against the use of "Old" in a seedling's name, the prospective amateur buyer is believed to be far less sensitive, if indeed at all, than once were the dealer-specialists. At any rate, more "Old" names have been introduced of late.

If you select a name beginning with "Aa," as Aaron's Rod, your seedling will take position in or near the uppermost line in any alphabetical listing that includes it. Similarly, for names that begin with "Ba," "Ca," "Da," etc., other preferred positions are

available which are not open to names that begin with "By," "Cy," "Dy," etc.

Examination of varietal indexes, such as in Check List, registration columns and catalogues, discloses a relative paucity of names beginning with the letters N, O, Q, U, V, X, Y and Z, when compared with the number of names that begin with the *other* letters. In the former group, your seedling will therefore have less competition than in the latter. For this reason, it is believed that future names may well include relatively more name-words in the former category.

With other reasons for and against the selection of a particular name, it is well finally to remember *why* people cherish gardens. For many home-lovers, flower-growing is a natural or inherited liking made manifest in early youth; for others it is a later-found diversion perhaps cultivated for reasons of escape from such as the monotones, the disillusionments, the frustrations, the sorrows of life. For all, however, let us hope the hobby generally eventuates in a garden of memories.

Of course no lover of such a garden desires to have its spell broken by a name which mentally links otherwise happy memories with any maladjustments to life. Our iris names are therefore good in proportion to their hypnotic or echoic contribution to the sum total of happy memories for the garden owner,—and are bad in so far as they may tend to recall whatever he desires to remain forgotten. Illustrative of all this is the comment by Mr. A. T. Johnson, in "A Garden in Wales," published in 1927, as follows:

"A garden of memories is the trustee of only the most pleasant experiences of life. Through the sieve of Time all the pin-pricks and petty annoyances trickle into the ash-pit of forgotten things. You remember not the flies and the thirst,—the mosquito's gimlet loses its venom, the sun its unsparing heat, the blown sand its lash. Your garden of memories is like an old sun-dial which cheerfully says:

" 'Let others talk of storms and showers,
I'll only count your sunny hours.' "

FROM CALIFORNIA, 1938

EDWARD SALBACH

■ What's new and outstanding in Central California and in Oregon this season? A rather hard question to answer, but I can give at least a few high lights of what I saw blooming in California, and during a hurried trip through the Oregon iris gardens.

Starting at Berkeley, I take Professor Essig first, for his planting is located so as to be a trifle earlier than our own or those of Sydney Mitchell. His Mount Washington is an extremely tall white, bigger and of better form than Easter Morn. Carved Ivory is a very rich soft cream. Song of Gold is a medium light yellow of splendid habit, and of form as nice as possible—just faintly flaring falls. Golden Madonna, which has never been introduced, is a huge iris with yellow standards and white falls.

Of Sydney Mitchell's, Fair Elaine takes top rank. The standards are of cream, the falls deep yellow, the beard orange. Quite a "break" in breeding, and at the same time a very beautiful iris, much admired. Aida is a rich coffee-bronze-yellow blend that is very unusual. Naranja, with its orange cast, and Golden Bear, pure yellow, are still new, but are pretty well known elsewhere. Bridal Veil, pure white with faint gold marking at the haft is one of the most beautiful whites of all, and hardy, too. Like Natividad, this variety is not as well known as it should be. Sunburst, another new one of Mitchell's, was very fine this season. The color is both rich and soft.

Moving next door, we find the pride of the season for Carl Salbach to be Golden Majesty. It is a tall, perfectly branched yellow with fine habit, and a color that is hard to imagine. It is as rich as possible in a flower that is still yellow, and at the same time, is of gleaming brightness. Five recent introductions that stand out are: Miss California, tall lilac pink; Radiant, coppery orange, one of, if not the brightest iris of all; Monadnock, showy rose-red; Bronzino, striking and unusually rich, and completely distinct in its bronze tones; and Lighthouse, rich, yet bright, with its yellow center, and very showy, being both big and tall.

Three George Brehm varieties were in bloom at Berkeley. One is the mammoth variety William A. Setchell. Definitely the biggest iris I have ever seen, and in rich blue-purple tones, it was one of the most admired iris in the whole garden. Snoqualmie, also Brehm's, is a fine iris that at last answers our quest for a



[All photographs by Edward Salbach]

Radiant

[37]



Wm. A. Setchell



Ormohr



Red Velvet



Kleinsorge 239



Ouray



Orloff

fine big, tall cream. A third Brehm variety is a clear medium light blue of immense size, with flaring falls.

Four of Dr. Kleinsorge's also were in bloom at Berkeley. Sensational, of course, was Ormohr, the Doctor's wonderful William Mohr seedling. Big and bold, and at the same time delicately veined and very orchid like, it is indeed a champion. His Red Velvet, not yet introduced, is the reddest big iris I have seen, and very velvety, a real beauty. His Portland is a very showy, tall iris, much like a giant edition of Mary Geddes, and Sierra Snow is a white that bids fair to be the finest hardy white of all. It is one quarter Purissima, but the lush early winter growth of the latter is completely eliminated. The flower is pure white, mid-season to late in bloom, and very large. His Copper Cascade, the most beautiful soft iridescent copper-colored iris I have ever seen, did not bloom this season. To these, I add his No. 239, a "roseash" colored iris that I saw only in his own garden in Oregon. It is a distinct new color break.

Included among the others that I consider particularly worthy are the following from various sources: Ouray, small but bright red, and Piute, deep rich mahogany red, both being Thomas-Thorup productions; Amigo by the Williamsons, a variety with light blue standards, and rich royal purple falls, edged light blue—not tall but striking; Moki, a new brown created by Mr. F. A. Thole; Morocco Rose, a pale orchid toned variety from Dr. Loomis; Garden Magic, a fine new red, perhaps the richest of the bigger red iris (very different from Red Velvet, but the difference is hard to describe); Junaluska, one from Chancellor Kirkland's which hardly received its due, being overshadowed by the furore over Copper Lustre; and City of Lincoln, brightest variegata of all; Ozone, lavender with red-brown haft, and Orloff, beautiful little plicata—all three from the Sassés.

Added to the list of fine varieties from various sources are a number of varieties which I saw in Oregon only: Anitra, fine light blue; Exclusive, also light blue, but of a different type; Matula, a fine iris approaching the salmony tones; Ethiop Queen, very much like Black Wings except that its falls, instead of being nearly black, actually are a very rich, glistening black; and Red Gleam. The latter I first saw almost at dusk in a light that made it almost as bright as fire. The next day it did not seem quite as bright, but it was still closer towards scarlet than any other iris I have seen—not large, but certainly colorful.

ALONG THE IRIS COAST, 1938

JULIUS DORNBLUT, JR.

■ In an ever changing and sometimes disappointing iris world one thing remains constant. The geniality and hospitality of iris growers outshadows five and six foot stalks of Purissima and remains an ever pleasant memory throughout the year along with the lingering fragrance of *Iris reticulata*.

Last year there appeared in the BULLETIN an article by Alexander Maxwell describing many new irises growing in the Yakima and Ellensburg Valleys in eastern Washington. I decided then and there to go to these gardens if at all possible.

On my way to Yakima this spring I stopped at the William Roan gardens in Ellensburg, but I was too early for iris bloom. I did, however, see the healthiest, best grown irises that I have ever seen anywhere. The increase that man obtains is truly amazing, even to a West Coast gardener.

When I arrived in Yakima, Mr. Maxwell put his entire time at my disposal, talking iris, showing me his own garden, that of Luke Norton, also in Yakima, and the commercial eight-acre Wayman planting at Grandview.

In our hurry to get to Mr. Norton's garden, whose things were further advanced than Mr. Maxwell's, I managed to get a fleeting glimpse of Chosen and Fiesta. Chosen really looked like a worthwhile yellow.

At Luke Norton's I found gold and peace on Treasure Island. Some years ago I built a mental shrine around an unintroduced Essig yellow called Golden Madonna which I then saw in the originator's beautiful Berkeley garden. Last year I did the same for a Brehm seedling known in the garden as Ellen Nessel. This year Treasure Island displayed the same characteristics admired in the two unintroduced seedlings named above.

Treasure Island has rounded standards, slightly deeper yellow than those of Happy Days, $2\frac{3}{4} \times 2\frac{3}{4}$ inches, somewhat crinkled. The semi-flaring falls are $2\frac{5}{8} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, have a considerable area of white in the center below the orange beard. This white, which decreases with the age of the flower, adds a decided touch of distinction. There is very little olive at the haft. Occasionally a fall appears a trifle pinched.

Treasure Island exhibits two, three, and sometimes four well spaced flowers at a time, has from seven to eight blooms and buds on a 42-inch stalk. While not widely branched for a semi-flaring iris, the blossoms are not held too close to the stalk. The first of the two branches starts 22 inches from the ground, and the overall width of a stalk of bloom is 10 inches.

Amigo is a friend indeed, with its oval 2 x 2 $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch pale lavender blue stands, with flaring, 2 x 2-inch round pansy purple falls. These falls are bordered with the same lavender found in the standards. At the very edge the falls are touched with white. An orange beard illuminates the whole flower. The 32-inch stalk has two good branches starting 15 inches above the rhizome, carrying seven buds and blooms. Two flowers are usually open, giving an overall stalk width of eight inches.

The falls of Amigo appear a trifle short as does an occasional stalk which does not bring all of its flowers above the foliage. Amigo is a definite improvement upon Dorothy Dietz and B. Y. Morrison.

Next comes another Spanish name, Naranja. This should be classed primarily as a color novelty. The oval butter-yellow standards are 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches and are slightly crinkled. The midrib shows a faint greenish tinge. On the falls is found a distinct orange-brown overlay covering the butter-yellow color found in the standards; unfortunately they are sprinkled with purple flecks. The falls of Naranja are too short to make a pleasing flower. A 42-inch stalk shows from two to three flowers open out of a possible eight. Branching starts 24 inches from the ground, gives an overall width of 9 inches.

Golden Treasure opened on Sunday morning in time for me to carry away a picture of a truly different iris. Golden Treasure is a large flowered cream which has much golden suffusion around the brilliant orange beard. This gives a far greater carrying power than one would ordinarily expect of a cream. The standards are slightly open and the falls are a bit narrow at the haft. Other than this Golden Treasure gives a lovely, ethereal effect that is impossible to describe.

Color seems to be the only thing that Narain has to recommend it. The haft of this variety is too narrow, the blooming season too short, and the flowers are too bunchy. Brown Betty failed to arouse any great enthusiasm. It is a lack-lustre. Tint O' Tan also falls in this class. Mohrson leaves much to be desired. The

falls are too narrow at the haft and the flowers are very bunched.

Directeur Pinelle has a poorly branched, short stalk. Its falls are not long enough in relation to the height of the stands. The same unbalanced relationship is shown by Deseret, but in addition, the falls of this variety are decidedly strapped. Rosy Wings needs more substance in the standards, more rose to warrant the name which has been bestowed upon it. Another iris which appears too clubbed is Elkhart. The very conspicuous reticulations of this red brown extend one-third of the way down the falls.

Many good originations have come from the Williamson gardens. It is doubtful if Trail's End can be included in the list. While Trail's End does have soft, pleasing color, it fades badly. The falls are too small for the standards.

Neon does not have enough carrying quality to merit its glowing name. The standards are open, and the falls are too short to give the effect of a well-balanced flower.

Happy Days, Mr. Maxwell's favorite yellow, was almost as glorious at Norton's as the first clump of it I saw at Professor Essig's garden three years ago. Junaluska appeared as regal as ever. It seems to do very well wherever grown. Gloriele was one of Mr. Norton's favorites. And who would not agree? Sierra Blue and the ever-serene Shining Waters were the best in their respective classes.

More irises might have been described in this listing had not Mr. Norton taken time out now and then to serve refreshments during the two warm days. Pure gold is to be found in places other than on Treasure Island, and it is not always solid in form!

When Mr. Maxwell took me to the Wayman planting, I met Mr. and Mrs. Miller, who have charge of this large field of irises. They very obligingly showed us the hundreds of thousands of irises growing there. Both of these people are critical, hard-working irisarians.

The following Saturday found me being welcomed before sundown at Weed's National Iris Gardens at Beaverton, Oregon. Howard Weed graciously insisted that I stay overnight instead of going back to a Portland hotel. We talked iris far into the night and arose at four the next morning so that I could again see the iris and still make good connections for Cooley's gardens at Silverton, which I had never visited.

Never have I seen an iris planting more fascinatingly beautiful than I did that early Sunday morning. I am certain that

the membership of the Society would be doubled if 1,000 gardeners could be led into an iris field at four in the morning!

Howard Weed was enthusiastic about several of their new seedlings. One, which goes under the garden name of "Superior Geddes," has a slightly deeper color effect and is larger than Mary Geddes. The $2\frac{3}{4} \times 2\frac{3}{4}$ -inch standards are slightly ruffled and are wider than those of Mary Geddes. The falls are $2\frac{3}{4} \times 3$ inches, occasionally turn in toward the stem. "Superior Geddes" grows a 42-inch stalk which is 10 to 12 inches wide, carries nine blooms and buds, has two flowers out at a time. The first branch starts 23 inches from the ground.

Another seedling which showed promise was a medium red with a color effect similar to Jean Lafitte. The closed standards are $2 \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ inches; the semi-flaring, $2 \times 2\frac{3}{4}$ -inch falls of brownish red are clearer than those of Jean Lafitte. A 30-inch stalk carries seven blooms and buds. This stalk is usually eight inches wide and starts branching 13 inches above the rhizome.

Ormohr created quite a stir last year. This greyish purple descendant of William Mohr has rounded stands which measure $3\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The rounded falls show 3×3 inches on the ruler, contain more purple than do the standards. Ormohr has two flowers out of a possible five open at a time. The stalk is 37 inches tall, 9 to 10 inches across. The branching starts 15 inches above the soil, tends to be rather close for the large flowers. Comparing the flower with the published color cut, Ormohr displays more grey in its general effect. There is less yellow in the beard than the picture shows.

Copper Lustre had more real shine here and everywhere else seen this year than it did last. War Eagle branches too closely, has a stumpy stalk. The standards flop too much, even for an eagle. Purple flecks appeared to freckle Suntan.

Missouri is not like the published color cut in that the flower exhibits more purplish lavender in the falls. The brown reticulations of Missouri make me prefer Sierra Blue as an iris.

Many of the irises seen in eastern Washington were again evaluated here. The few hours went by altogether too rapidly, and I found myself leaving the home-like atmosphere of the Weed gardens reluctantly.

At Cooley's I found a warm, sincere welcome, and a well-planned, tastefully landscaped display garden. Here again Treasure Island justified my liking for it.

Despite the many Sunday visitors, young Mr. Cooley found time to show me their commercial planting and Dr. Kleinsorge's garden. At Dr. Kleinsorge's seedling lot were growing a large number of brown blends, one of which the Cooleys are introducing as Calcutta this year. Ormohr and Treasure Island naturally stood out on their home grounds.

One other seedling of the doctor's remains in my memory, a strawberry red which I understand Mr. Salbach is listing this year. Salbach's own rose-red Monadnock was growing at one end of the lot. It has a great deal of carrying power.

A peculiar thing happened just as we were leaving the garden. Mr. Cooley, a commercial grower, Dr. Kleinsorge, a hybridizer, and I, an amateur, started to talk about whites. We agreed, that after having been in commerce for over ten years, Purissima is still one of the very best irises. When one considers the advances made in breeding during this period, that is saying something.

While lunching with Mr. Cooley, I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mackenzie, of Indianapolis, Indiana. They later came out to the gardens. Mr. Mackenzie will be remembered for many years by readers of the BULLETIN for his choice bit on fragrance which he did some years ago.

Jasmania is a 32-inch yellow with $2\frac{1}{2}$ x $2\frac{7}{8}$ -inch standards which are quite similar in tone to those of Happy Days. The $2\frac{1}{2}$ x $2\frac{3}{4}$ -inch semi-flaring falls are deeper yellow with slight olive suffusion extending well down the haft. A bright beard enlivens the whole flower. The first of the two branches starts 10 inches above the rhizome.

Two of Jasmania's flowers are open at a time out of a possible six. Considering the shape of the flower, the nine inch wide stalk and flower placement gives an impression of closeness. Extensive purple flecking marred the flower and its effect both at Weed's and at Cooley's.

For some years hybridizers have been working for pinks with more substance, less yellow or lavender. Miss California was introduced last year as a new tone of pink. This 48-inch iris has $2\frac{1}{4}$ x $2\frac{3}{4}$ -inch standards of rose-pink, slightly flushed with lavender. Falls, the same size as the standards, are deeper rose-pink, are also flushed with lavender. The whole flower then fades into a pink as it ages. Three blooms are usually open at a time. There are ten blooms and buds to the high branched, nine inch wide stalk. Miss California, while gifted with more substance

than existing pinks, can still be improved upon in this respect.

Siegfried, as I saw it on well established, well grown 39-inch one-year plants at Weed's and Cooley's, is nothing more than a color break to be used for further breeding. Floppy, $2\frac{3}{4} \times 3$ -inch old gold standards, suffused tawny brown, set off the somewhat flaring, very badly whorled falls. These are white, stitched with a brownish purple. Siegfried lacks fragrance, needs better branching. Showing only five blooms and buds, it can hardly be called floriferous.

I wish now that I had taken more complete notes on David Hall's mauve-blue Modiste which the Cooleys are listing this year. It remains vividly clear in my memory as a most fetching iris in its crowded color field.

Radiant, The Red Douglas, and E. B. Williamson displayed fine color, but were obviously not established quite well enough to evaluate properly. Snowking could get along without the champagne spots on his big chest. Royalty never touches water, I am told.

Mountain Snow has a definite bluish cast and water spots far too much. Blue Triumph fades and fades and fades. Lucretia Bori shows so many purple flecks that she is not even passably interesting. Mohrson is definitely the brighter iris.

And now comes the saddest news of all, both Happy Days and California Gold, which I have so often admired, flecked purple very slightly at Cooley's. Happy Days streaked more than did California Gold.

Both the Weeds and the Cooleys have planted and prepared for visitors after the American Iris Society's annual meeting to be held in California next spring. After seeing these Oregon gardens, visitors could return east either by way of the magnificent Columbia River Gorge or through the awe-inspiring Canadian Rockies. We, out west, hope that a host of irisarians will come prepared to spend many days seeing irises and God's country.

Seemingly always the last garden on my yearly itinerary, George Brehm's place, brought to light a clear, bright 48-inch, widely branched (14 inches from tip of flower to tip of flower!) yellow bicolor. The semi-flaring $2\frac{5}{8} \times 2\frac{3}{4}$ -inch falls show no tan, or olive at the haft. Standards measure $2\frac{3}{4} \times 2\frac{3}{4}$ inches. For the time being, this yellow, which is the best I have seen, is known simply as 709. Mr. Brehm says he wants the best name

for "the" iris. It has no Dykes blood in its veins.

F. A. Thole's Seattle garden I had to miss this year, more the pity! I understand, however, that the Salbachs are introducing Mr. Thole's Deputé Nomblot \times Zuni seedling which I admired so much last year.

With another tall bearded season behind, I am wondering if originators and introducers can't be persuaded to let up on the throttle a bit. I second Mrs. J. Edgar Hires' statement in a recent letter that "It stands to reason that no one hybridizer can introduce yearly ten or more absolutely distinct varieties." Mrs. Hires is indeed generous. Three is a better number.

NOTES FROM A MIDWEST IRIS JOURNEY

MRS. JAMES A. SAPP

■ Our first stop on this interesting iris quest was at Dorothy Stoner's "The Iris Garden," at Merriam, Kansas. Beautiful indeed was it with its blooms of many colors drifting down a hill. A triangular planting of Rosy Wings, new and light reddish brown, Snowking and Robert lingers with us. Golden Treasure, with its cream standards and deeper yellow falls margined with cream; Ella Winchester, a soft deep red mahogany; and Gudrun, gleaming white at its best on thirty-eight-inch stems, are not to be forgotten.

In Kansas City, Kansas, we visited Mr. Walter Timmerman's garden. Stately, tall trees with orioles singing in them, and large white urns by garden walls made a perfect setting for Mr. Timmerman's one thousand seedlings along with many of his own introduced productions. A blue Purissima seedling and a smooth velvet one the color of cream, with a soft touch of brown on the haft, were most outstanding. Enameled garden markers that never fade made us envy a tile maker.

The peak of the iris bloom was over two weeks later when we reached "Wild Rose Iris Garden" at St. Joseph, Mo. However, Maid of Astolat and City of Lincoln were still to be admired.

The end of the month of May found us wending our way to "Maple Valley Iris Gardens" at Mapleton, Iowa. Here we met Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Whiting, whose hospitable welcome we shall long remember. In their exquisite and complete garden we saw

Spring Prom, a striking beauty being introduced by Mrs. Whiting. It is a luscious, light yellow excelling in form and substance. Naranja, rich in deep yellow with a flame overcast, attracted us from afar. Possessing conspicuous beauty was Tiffany, with a pale yellow background bordered in violet bronze.

Piute, a truly deep rich red; Siegfried, the beautiful yellow plicata; Midwest Gem, a lovely blend of pink and gold with ruffled crepe edges; Casque d' Or, a most spectacular iris with golden standards and falls of black maroon; and Jasmania, a sunshine yellow with a touch of light caerulean blue in the falls, kept calling us back to view their loveliness over and over again.

Arriving in Freeport, Illinois, next we visited Mrs. Douglas Pattison's "Quality Gardens." Showers and showers of rain fell upon us here, but could not take away the beauty which lay before us. Greeting us was a planting of Sweet Alibi, Morocco Rose, Kalinga, Happy Days, and Exclusive. In majestic splendor stood The Red Douglas. Nearby but taller was Our Lady of the Snows, gleaming in purity, and Radiant robed in rich copper. Mohrson, larger and deeper purple than William Mohr; the Pilkington creations—Sahara and Gold Coast, two soft elegant yellows; E. B. Williamson, well branched and very distinctive in coppery red; and Silent Waterfall, with standards tinged in blue and icy white falls, added to our joy. Here we saw Garden Magic and it truly reflects a magic touch indeed with its glorious arched standards and royal, red velvet falls. Planted near Golden Hind was Loomis' yellow seedling K 8. It had the same sparkling intensity of color which held us spellbound but was larger than Golden Hind. An Essig seedling 1185 A signaled to us. This was a decided rich, wine brown with deep black luster, exceptional substance and fine form. Lapham's iris, Frank Adams, which was fully forty-seven inches tall was very beautiful. It was truly superb dressed in yellow standards and wine rosy falls. There were two other intriguing Lapham seedlings which caught our attention. P 10 was a light blush pink with a delicacy of mold and a golden throat, while P 2 was a lovely dusty pink, nearly a self with a pale creamy throat. Exquisite as fairies dancing in the rain were they!

Our last port of call was Mr. David F. Hall's garden in Wilmette, Illinois. Words fail us here to tell about the numerous, wonderful seedlings. As we enjoyed these glorious beauties we met Mrs. L. W. Kellogg, who pointed out a yellow plicata 6534 by H. Sass. This splendid iris had flaring falls, perfect substance

and undoubtedly will be a leader. Among the "new breaks" in color Mr. Hall had many outstanding ones in copper, flushed apricot of which his May Day reigned supreme, being eight inches across. Definitely different in tan was one which looked like copper shining through bronze. Excitement over this lovely flower just caused us to forget to get the number of it. Here again we met Spring Prom and Token, which were more beautiful than ever.

Joplin, Missouri

IRIS COMMENT, 1938

SHERMAN R. DUFFY

■ The modern iris garden changes its makeup and puts on a new complexion about once every ten years. It is laying on the sun tan and golden light stuff heavily at present. From soft and often dull coloring, the modern iris garden is now bright, glowing, brilliant. It sometimes seems to me that old King Tut woke it up, as that iris from Hans Sass was the first really brilliant iris to come my way and now its descendants and various editions give a flashing character to the garden in irises of entirely different family lines but with the same sparkling colors.

I attended the annual gathering of the iris clans at Freeport this year for the tenth time. It is a faithful band that each year troops in from all points of the middle west and from further confines of the country for the show of the Freeport Garden Club and Mrs. Pattison's magnificent iris garden. And this year we saw irises of a quality and perfection of growth we never saw before and the most amazing wealth of bloom. In fact, Mrs. Pattison actually thinned out bloom stalks to produce better effects in some of her plantings.

The remarkable growth and vigor of the blooming stalks was due to a steady rainy period during the blooming season. In fact, it rained nearly every day during the iris season, the Freeport show period being marked by downpours. An early warm spell in April shot the bloom stalks up prematurely. Then came a bad freeze that in some gardens completely wrecked them—particularly in open fields. Mrs. Pattison's field plantings suffered badly in this respect, the blooming stalks drooping limp after the freeze, but in her tree girt display gardens, they escaped unscathed. Following the unseasonable warmth came a period of several cool weeks with the rains so the bloom developed slowly and to the fullness of perfection in height and size.

The finest individual stalk shown at Freeport was one of Dazler, a red-toned Williamson seedling which carried thirteen buds with six blooms open at once. It was an interesting item that inquiry developed that the record for blooms open at once on a single stalk in the Freeport district was eleven on the old Leverrier which has faded out of gardens because of its rather raw color.

The season had a magnificent prologue, a regular I'Pagliacci opening with a magnificent display of intermediates. Any one who has not a good collection of these irises is cutting his iris season in half and the intermediates yield not a whit in color and display to the tall bearded irises as we now have them in scores of colors from the Sass farms. Their clean, brilliant colors and freedom of bloom make them a magnificent garden subject which has been too far neglected. They have the finest yellows in the whole iris series ranging from the brilliant deep tones of Golden Bow and Crysoro to the creamy tones of Ambera and others and with blooms of a size and quality easily comparable with the tall bearded section.

I had a bed, grown to almost solid vegetation, 11 x 25 feet, that was a mass of color, nearly all from Hans and Jacob Sass, and the typical old-time intermediates, that is dwarfs and tall bearded crosses. With them of different breeding but blooming in the same season, were the gorgeous King Midas, the beautiful and dainty Ariel, and Desert Gold.

The majority of my collection are unnamed but of as fine quality as the named ones which include Nymph, the freest blooming iris I ever saw, a fine soft yellow; Cyrus, Cosette, Challenger, Chief, Abelard, Gentius, Red Orchid and Alice Horsfall.

No iris garden is complete without a liberal planting of these irises. They give an extra two weeks to the iris season and come with the late tulips and late narcissus varieties, such as poeticus recurvus, a fine companion planting in quantity. I am spreading them over the garden as fast as they will multiply.

The yellows and yellow and red blends, approaching the variegata type are the life of the iris garden. Yellows feature again this year. Mr. Glutzbeck's Ming Yellow, so fine last year, again starred this year. It is close to Happy Days in color and of equal size but a more finished bloom and with a trifle richer yellow at the center. Last year it was taller than Happy Days but this year Happy Days had the advantage in inches, in practical effect they are of equal stature. Ming Yellow is a beautifully clean colored iris.

For rich, deep coloring and all around quality, Golden Hind, to my way of thinking, heads the procession of yellows with Eclador and Golden Bow for color quality. Some of the yellows, under the influence of the moisture, presumably, showed purple flecking more profusely than usual, but Golden Hind, although

a Dykes seedling with Gold Imperial as another parent, showed not the faintest color blemish.

A yellow, new to me, and which ranks right up with the top notchers, of beautiful form, finish and depth of coloring was Jelloway. It has everything in the way of stem, branching, and substance that a good iris should have, a very fine thing.

Mr. Pilkington, the English iris leader, had a trio of fine yellows, in Gold Coast, Gibraltar and Sahara, ranging in depth of color in this order, all huge blooms of fine height and stem. Another beautiful new yellow of canary tone comes from Dr. Ayres, and has been named in honor of Mrs. Silas B. Waters, one of our ablest and most accomplished iris judges. It is an exceptionally fine yellow and bound to make its mark.

From the garden of Mr. Thorup, in Utah, comes another distinct departure in yellow irises, a yellow amoena, Manavu, with warm white standards and canary falls. Irises with yellow standards and white falls of which Jacob Sass' Dore is probably the finest example, have become familiar since Miss Sturtevant introduced the type in Shekinah our first yellow iris of height. Many of its progeny show this coloring. A series of seedlings of my own of no particular value except for their color obtained by crossing ochracea and Shekinah gave me a series of deep colored yellows in the standards with white falls.

A creamy iris of fine quality with which I was much taken and which I had not before seen was Bob Schreiner's Golden Treasure. The glowing gold of the center of this flower is peculiarly effective, shading out into the satiny cream of standards and falls, a bloom of fine size and quality, the perfection of form and with fine branching.

The three irises new to me with which I was most impressed were Jelloway, Mr. Lapham's Frank Adams, and the Reibold blue giant, Marikina. Frank Adams is the finest iris, I imagine, that Mr. Lapham has yet turned out, a really magnificent production of the new variegata type, with light clean tan standards and glowing red falls on a four foot, beautifully branched stalk. This is a most outstanding iris, brilliant and of heavy substance that a heavy downpour of rain didn't bother at all.

Marikina is the giant of all the blues and towered above its surroundings, a four footer of wonderful branching and heavy substance. The huge blooms with flaring falls are a light blue of fine tone. It was one of the most imposing stems seen in a long

time, a giant in size and stature. I had noted it previously when Mrs. Pattison first had it and before it had been established and had shown its capabilities.

Since Jean Cayeux with its fine brown tones was introduced and which still holds its own as a topnotcher, there have been a number of brown-toned irises in varying intensities offered. A real beauty and distinctive is Cafe au Lait, bred by the late Sam Graham, of Rome, Ga., one of the most devoted A.I.S. workers. The iris is a definite departure from the other browns in its color scheme. It is a soft tan, the name aptly describing the color, in other words a creamy brown and the iris has an unusual brilliancy for so soft a toned flower. It is large and finely formed on a strong and symmetrical stalk.

Of other newcomers in which there are beautiful brown tones I would rank Fiesta as one of the finest with its combination of golden brown and rosy lavender reflections.

Hans Sass' striking plicata, Orloff, has fine brown tones and, noting this iris, while it is a larger and a darker and redder trimmed brown, Mr. Hans' old Chestnut, the one and only brown-toned plicata I had ever seen previously, is, I think, of finer color, a soft brown that I have kept for several seasons and which is particularly fine with the so-called orchid pinks. This iris never attracted much attention but it has always seemed to me to be an unusual and fine iris, although neither large nor tall.

Morocco Rose was finer and softer in color this year than last, the finest advance in pinks I have seen. It is slightly bicolored, large and apparently a strong grower.

Mr. Egelberg has given a nice pink blend in Angelus. This is a Deputé Nomblot seedling, this French masterpiece apparently being a fine parent as shown in Ming Yellow, which is also a Deputé descendant. The Deputé has always refused to form seed for me, but the pollen seems strongly fertile.

Mr. Hall's Coronet is a novel color combination in general effect pink. It is described as rose beige which may convey the idea as well as it can be described in its subtle color effect. It is tall and widely branched and a most unusual and beautiful iris.

Jacob Sass' Mrs. Willard Jaques is another in the pink class in color along the lines of Eros and Mary Gibson. It is larger than either with a better stem and a color gem. Jacob has a fine deep dusky bit of blue velvet in his Lilamani, a blue black that is even

blackier when first opening than The Black Douglas which was very fine with me this year. It is bluer in tone than the Douglas. Jacob has some fine variegata seedlings in his fields that are striking and should be heard from.

Mr. Glutzbeck, who astonished us with his Ming Yellow last year, has a beautiful red-toned blend in Derrill Hart with bronzy rose standards and rich dark red velvety falls, a sumptuous bloom on a fine stem. It has a stunning rosy effect, with a striking gold beard which enhances the coloring nicely.

Hans Sass has sent out two fine new blues in Anitra and Miss Camelia. The former a sky blue of shining loveliness and satiny texture. The latter is also a pale blue, a little deeper than Anitra and not so blue as it has mauve shadings in the standards. It is a very large iris on a tall stalk.

Narain and Dymia, the two Shuber blues, are outstanding, the former with its intense and clearer blue striking me as particularly fine. Both rate at the top of the deeper so-called blue irises. They are fine growers and free bloomers and made beautiful clumps.

Salbach's Miss California is a nice pink of height and size on the lilac side.

When it comes to the coppery reds, Cheerio shines out brilliantly. Mrs. Pattison had several large blocks of it and you could see them from afar. Cheerio and Junaluska are as good as anybody could ask in the red toned blends. E. B. Williamson is a fine rival for these in brilliance. Radiant also has a claim for consideration and distinctiveness in color with its brilliant bronzy standards.

In the Williamson's Wabash there is a real advance in the amoena class in that it is taller and larger than the old timers with its shining white standards and white margined velvety blue purple falls. Hans Sass had an amoena of fine quality on view reminiscent of the old Rhein Nixe, which is still an excellent amoena.

An iris known as "Grinter's Amoena" struck me as being more of a variegata than an amoena, as the ground color of the standards was pale yellow with red purple flushing and dark red falls. Shah Jehan also is too yellow in the standards to look like an amoena to me.

In the whites, Gudrun, Easter Morn, Purissima, Snowking, Venus de Milo and Oriana seemed to defy competition of all new comers. Snowking seemed, under the influence of the cool damp

weather, to have more blue in it than I had noted before. It is a magnificent iris.

The lush growth of the iris this year at Freeport elicited many inquiries as to whether or not they had been fertilized. Mrs. Pattison has not given her irises any fertilizer in three years, she said, and asserted her belief that fertilizing can be overdone and that hoeing is the best promoter of good growth.

Checking back on catalogue lists, books, and memories of thirty years of irises, it is amazing to see how faulty the judgment of the moment is and how estimates of irises change with dizzying rapidity. Read the list of old irises "most likely to survive" in Dykes' "Handbook of Garden Irises," published in 1924. Not one of this list is now considered worthy a place in a modern garden. They are found in gardens, however, all over the country, so their survival was truly foretold.

The newer irises dating from 1910 to 1922 listed by Dykes show a number of standard varieties of today which from high priced novelties have receded to the ten-cent bargain lists in the back of catalogues. About 25 per cent of this list survive. With the great flood of new introductions, altogether too many, it is interesting to go over the lists and speculate as to which ones will last and which have stood the test of time, let us say ten years. It may be New England ancestry that makes one hate to throw anything away and which has created the attic as an historic institution that has made me keep so many old timers. But as I see them in bloom with the newest, I have found no reason to throw them away.

It has struck me as strange that the modern iris has been so slow in penetrating into the ordinary small gardens of the country. Travelling over the country in iris time, it is obvious that the value of the iris is recognized and that great masses of them are everywhere but a close inspection of nine out of ten of these gardens would not show an iris of modern vintage. Possibly the fact that a mass of flavescence gives as fine a landscape effect from a distance as the highest priced light yellow might adjust the perspective.

For close inspection there is no comparison, and close inspection is necessary to appreciate the full beauty of an iris. No one who has seen the newer irises could possibly want garden room cluttered up with these old timers that are so lavishly seen.

In this depression-recession-dead-broke era, no heavy movement

of high-priced plants could well be expected, but it is possible to have a first-class iris garden with plants of the highest quality at small expense. It is amazing the selection of high rating and beautiful irises one could have for \$1 or less per plant.

In the yellows, and there can't be too many yellows in an iris garden, there are these fine ones—Desert Gold, Phebus Cayeux, Pluie d'Or, Helios, for size and height, Coronation, Chromylla, Alta California, Nebraska, Prairie Gold.

In the variegata types, always brilliant, Decennial, Claude Aureau, Henri Riviere, Cameliard, King Juba, Flammenschwert Rialgar, Barton Harrington, and even old Maori King.

In the brilliant coppery reads, King Tut. In dark red purples, Dauntless, Indian Chief, Joycette, Red Radiance and these will stand competition with The Red Douglas, a better Joycette, and other newcomers, which are finer individually but give no better or greatly different garden effect. Of the newer ones I should be inclined to put Garden Magic at the top for brilliancy and gorgeous coloring, Cheerio for lighter and more blazing effect, Burning Bronze for the more somber and rich red; Spokane, a larger and taller but no better colored King Tut, Ella Winchester, Ethel Peckham and Junaluska.

City of Lincoln, Vision, and Deseret would lead the newer variegatas.

In the bronze purples, a class hard to limit or define, there are magnificent things for small price. The old Bruno is an example progenitor of so many fine things and still making a brave garden show despite weak stems and weak and fading standards which mar the freshly opened richness of the bloom. Deputé Nomblot, a magnificent iris, stands at the top of this list. Shirvan, so brilliant as to be almost a variegata, Mrs. Valerie West, Sachem, Grace Sturtevant, and Vert Galant, a French Dykes medalist that speedily faded from prominence. A single stalk of it at Freeport was hailed as a novelty until identified, showing that this iris has real class despite its failure to register popular favor. There are few competing high priced novelties here.

In the purples, selfs and bicolors a wealth of reasonably priced material as good as the best appears. Here are the giant Nene, the handsome Waconda, Morning Glory, Magenta, an unusual and beautiful color, Irma Pollock, Red Dominion, Red Robe, Motif, all magnificent irises.

Newer and of fine quality are Indian Hills, a deeper Magenta

type, a grand iris. The stately Directeur Pinelle, dark and handsome, and several others under trial.

The pinks are a fairly stationary class, nothing better to be had than Airy Dream for very pale, Pink Satin, Pink Opal, this I think about the finest of the orchid tones—needing a lower planting in front of it to hide its leggy and high-branched stems; Dog Rose, a good two-toned pink. In the deeper tones sometimes classed as pink but more properly rose at the top I would place among the higher-priced ones that color gem, Coralie, which has been a grand grower and steady bloomer for me although I have heard complaints that it is a poor doer in some gardens. Rose Dominion belongs here among those of reasonable price and superior beauty. Between Frieda Mohr and Elizabeth Egelberg in the rosy bicolor class I would name the latter because of its freedom of growth and bloom compared with the former, but I do not care for the color of either. In this section I like Fragonard, the newer Miss California being a larger and grander edition of it.

The finest pinks of the iris world are in the blend class and here the finest is in a small, low-growing iris, No-we-ta. This is a little beauty that has won its way in competition with the giants, purely because of its beautiful coloring. This is in the under a dollar class and along with it one of the most useful of all irises for combining with reds, or yellows, Midgard. Frivolite, small flowered and poor stemmed, yet is a beautiful color bit.

Rameses belongs in this class as nearly as it can be classified. We now have a number of blends of this same type, some yellower and some pinker. I have seen a number of such seedlings and have several from the Sassses, unnamed, some with yellower standards than Rameses but most with cleaner colored falls. Rameses in some years is beautiful. In others the falls are muddy. Hans Sass' Amitola is an excellent example of a brightened up and refined Rameses, a beautiful iris.

In the class of pink blends or perhaps it might just as well go with yellow blends is one of the most brilliant irises in garden effect, although as to size and form not so good. This is Lux, which I wouldn't be without. There are a number of irises which as individual stalks amount to little, but given in a clump are surprisingly effective and beautiful. It is never safe, in my experience, to base any judgment of an iris in the garden on an individual stalk and least of all, on a single stalk on the show bench.

Color, so far as I am concerned, is the main factor in an iris. Size, height, stem, and form are desirable, but color is the necessity. Talisman belongs in this class. Golden Flare is likewise a beauty for garden brilliancy.

In the violet selfs, two irises now of low price seem to me to belong in any good iris collection. These are Baldwin and Violet Crown, Baldwin the deeper toned of the two. Both are splendid irises, excellent growers, free bloomers, and having all good qualities.

Coming to the class which is sometimes named as "blue blend," but which doesn't seem to fit so very well, we find a number of exceptionally fine irises of unusual coloring. I think of them as the Evolution type. For the garden of fine but inexpensive irises, typical of the group is Evolution, with blue blazed falls and brownish standards with reflections of blue. The "icily regular, splendidly null" Anne-Marie Cayeux belongs here, notable for the iridescence of its falls but always to me a cold and unappealing iris, altogether too perfect. I prefer Dolly Madison or President Pilkington in this type, both now cheap and after several seasons' trial I think I would give the call to the president for growth and vigor. I see nothing to choose between the blooms so close are they.

Persia has established itself and looks like an all time iris if there is "any such animal." Its smoky standards and blue purple falls coupled with vigor and free blooming qualities make it a standby. I did not sight any newcomers that seemed to fall in this class.

Coming to the dark blues and blue violets there are some exceptionally fine low-priced irises. Black Wings, in Mrs. Pattison's garden, was superb, never having attained such proportions of height and size that I can recall. Jacob Sass' The Black Douglas, which I had considered superior to it, was very fine in my garden while Black Wings refused to bloom. Thuratus, from Hans Sass, is a most dependable and extra fine dark one. Blackamoor, from Jacob Sass, has proved a most prolific iris, but with very irregular growth of stem.

Old Souv. de Mme. Gaudichau can't be thrown out here and Yolande is a standby with me, later and not so deep as Souv. de Mme. Gaudichau but altogether dependable.

A greatly neglected and very fine iris is Egelberg's Winneshiek, which was a gorgeous thing this year. It is well worth a place

in anybody's garden. I recall that Jacob Sass placed a high estimate upon it the year of its introduction and told me he thought it one of the finest things of the year. None of the new dark ones have anything on this one. It is in the bicolor class. Each year Blue Velvet justifies its early reputation as one of the great irises of the present generation. It is now in the bargain class and what a bargain. There is no finer iris.

Royal Beauty, a little lighter, holds its own and belongs in the best company. Between Sir Michael and Valor, it is a toss-up. Another greatly underestimated iris is Prof. Essig's Tenaya, one of the best of the dark-toned irises.

In the light and medium blues, Sensation is still a top notcher, although it is a 1925 introduction. It stands up against all competition. El Capitan gives the most iris for the least money in the way of huge bloom, tall stalk and general imposing character. It is well named. Paulette is another giant of low price. Lighter than these two is Jacob Sass' Blue Monarch. I have found no cause to discard the old Corrida as a fine medium blue for massing and the old Cayeux Art Shade Pigalle I still retain, a tone lighter than Corrida but with its same lavish bloom. Santa Barbara has done well for me and Pacific also thrives.

Of the more expensive ones, Shining Waters is of the best and it is no longer too high priced for the average garden, a wonderfully beautiful iris. Grinter's Blue Triumph is all that its name says it is and Gage's pale Gloriola is a beautiful iris.

In the medium tones, Sierra Blue gets within the dollar price-list and is a magnificent thing. Everybody should have it. Missouri, another Dykes medalist, along with Sierra Blue, and well deserving of the honor, is a really great iris. Of the bicolors, Blue Banner, the older B. Y. Morrison, and Lindbergh are all good enough for the best of iris gardens.

In the amoena class I still find Rhein Nixe, Mildred Presby, and the ancient Tristram worth keeping.

Los Angeles for a quarter is the greatest of bargains, a magnificent iris which seems hardy as an oak with me. The old Princess Osra has no superior in color and I still keep Fairy for its orange blossom fragrance. King Karl, with its peach tones, is another old timer well worth holding its place. Pink Jadu is as good as any of the pink-trimmed plicatas I have sighted.

Jacob Sass has a lot of huge plicatas and I have several in my garden. One of these, Claribel, is a Los Angeles type, a very fine

iris which would supplant Los Angeles readily enough in regions where the Californian does not flourish. He also has a number of the San Francisco type, all giants and vigorous. Maid of As-tolat is one of these, and a grand big plicata.

Now that Purissima, Shasta, Venus de Milo, and Easter Morn are all in the under a dollar class, there is no reason why any iris garden should have inferior white irises. Purissima has proved a better doer for me than Easter Morn. Wambliska in a blue tinted white grows well but never makes its original Nebraska height for me. I have several whites, all from the Jacob Sass farm and one or two from Hans, all of the finest grade and I don't know how they select which ones to name.

I noted this season more efforts at harmonious color arrangements in various gardens. We always have fine object lessons at Mrs. Pattison's. The association of yellows with the medium blues and with the red blends is a particularly happy one. The Freeport Garden Club featured two beds at its show which attracted much admiration. They were planted to Coronation and the handsome red-toned blend, Trail's End, the center the yellow and the outside of the planting Trail's End. There are scores of such possible combinations.

The association of the brown-toned blends with the orchid pinks is also a happy one; I believe, if memory serves correctly, first suggested by Mr. Meade.

Another fine arrangement is the planting of the creamy irises with the big pinks, such as Sweet Alibi, Kalinga, Dore, Golden Treasure, Attie Eugenia, a beautiful iris, and Sunmist.

As to the blends, look at the rainbow and do your best or worst.

COMMENTS ON NEW IRIS

CHAS. E. F. GERSDORFF

■ These new iris as seen in Washington, D. C., and in Cincinnati and vicinity, even during this season of grave disappointments seemingly prevalent throughout the United States east of the Mississippi, impressed me as worthy of printed notice.

In the Woodridge Garden Club Iris Show, Washington, D. C., three accredited iris judges, including myself, picked three seedlings, respectively, Nos. 2579, 2393 and 2931*, bred by Prof. J. B. Parker, originator of Jelloway, as deserving of an H. C. Award. No. 2579 is a large, tall, well branched soft light yellow of very good substance; 2393 a larger, taller, better Euphony with no blue in the falls, and 2391, large, tall and of very good substance, a light blend of yellow and pinkish vinaceous.

In my own garden, Christabel (Lap.) was a most astounding red, the purest of that color class, and I have seen many of the newest. Of fine form, and substance, medium large in size, good branching and not too tall. His Grace Lapham was of medium size, nicely branched, a softly finished medium light pink, remarkably free of bluish tints. The only red that closely approaches Christabel is a seedling of my own out of (Bruno \times Sherbert) \times (Dauntless), Albert Gersdorff, a bit taller, of same rich red effect, differing in that the hafts of the falls are solidly colored, while Christabel shows reticulations, but not at all in an objectionable way.

In Cincinnati and vicinity, there were a number of very nice things. Mrs. Emigholtz showed plants of Margaret Rowe and Mrs. Silas Waters. Both of these show good form and good color, the first a light blend, the latter a medium light yellow, both of large size.

In Dr. Ayres' garden there were many new seedlings in bloom and the judges were asked to tag those which impressed them most. None of these were ready for a rating, but briefly it may be stated that they ranged from medium sized, medium height, to tall large flowered varieties and those which impressed me most I briefly describe as follows: a medium large, well branched rosy red

*These three have since been named, respectively, Garden Joy. Bronzed Nymph and Meadow Gold.

self; a smoky purple brown blend with golden heart; a large deep rich yellow of Sherwin Wright color; a very large crushed raspberry red blend with horizontal falls; a large pinkish blend, close to a salmon pink in effect; a large fine white and another with a golden heart; a medium sized finely branched yellow and orange bicolor in effect and a large dark smoky blue blend. His La Lorraine made an effective clump with its S of coffee tan, and F of same color with centers of vinaceous lavender, 34 inches. We were lucky in both visits to Dr. Ayres' garden in seeing the beauties without any appreciable rainfall.

In both visits to Mr. Wareham's gardens we were rained out of the garden, though on the second visit we were able to complete the work started the day before. On this second visit, Mrs. Nesmith, Dr. Ward H. Cook and myself were most fortunate in being treated to the sight of a blue iris seedling that, whether the sun shone or was hidden by clouds, it was the same clear blue tone—I guessed it as wistaria blue, making a mental note to check it when I got home, with Ridgway, and I found it to be not that but in the same chart, as between pale and light soft blue violet, the nearest yet to a blue without a tint of pink. This is seedling 0-10, 38-40 inches tall, long branched, about center, floriferous, since named Spring Azure. Vision Fugitive (Wareham) is a large tall, well branched with a deeper throat, 39 inches.

Three of Wareham's were rated. Triptych is a large deep yellow with flaring falls, 38 inches, good branching, with carrying power that makes it stand out even on cloudy days; Clown, a large plicata, white with lower parts of S & F reticulated lavender violet, and in case of the falls in particular, this color with brownish violet was reticulated and stippled right across the hafts to tip of beard suggestive of the patches of color around the mouths of most clowns; and his brown heliotrope N 581, since named Rookwood—this is large, beautifully branched, of very good substance—in fact all three stood up remarkably well after several hard rainfalls—the S deep vinaceous, the F same to centers of pleroma violet with daphne red around the deep bronzy yellow beard—remarked by several judges as a warmer Anne-Marie Cayeux.

IRIS PILGRIMAGE, 1937

BRUCE C. MAPLES

■ To the confirmed iris fan of long standing winter comes as a period of contemplation and eager anticipation. The last firm rhizome has long since been tucked carefully into the soil with a prideful feeling of accomplishment and of ownership. (Who doesn't feel a thrill of pride in the ownership of a fine new variety? There's just something about it.) We note the fine size of a well grown plant, we count the little ones coming along on each side, we observe the fine root system which has been supporting it, we insert the spade and make a place for it with a little fertilizer in the bottom, we insert the plant, drop a little fertilizer front and back, then carefully firm the soil about it, test it with a full of the fan to see if the job is well done, place a label, then stand back and lazily survey a task well done. Then we fervently hope nothing will happen to prevent it from blooming next Spring. If we get too lazy on the job it may perhaps be necessary to step over to the next border and observe *Iris dichotoma*, the Vesper iris, strutting her stuff with fifty to one hundred blooms open on a single plant at one time, sporting a very pleasant perfume and making a very pleasant contrast with *dichotoma alba* in bloom alongside. Or perhaps we may derive renewed energy from stray blossoms of remontant bearded irises. One last flurry of bloom with our fall blooming varieties, the last of which distressfully bend their heads in submission before the white, cold breath of Winter, and we turn our attention to the literary pursuits of an iris fan: reading the bulletins, even the old ones, because in view of our discoveries during the past season some of the old ones may hold a new meaning for us; pedigrees, history personages; we exhaust our supply of bulletins and read all books on the subject that are obtainable from the library or elsewhere. We branch out into a study of good companion plants and how to treat them. Thus our gardening aspect is broadened through our deep and abiding interest in one of the finest of garden subjects, the iris, and of the wonderful people who love it and grow it.

The Pilgrimage this year started from Tucumcari, New Mexico, where I happened to be on May 7. In the course of business I

was called to Albuquerque for a day or two. I drove over by auto, enjoying along the way the effect produced by colonies, drifts, and sometimes even acres of verbenas which seem to prefer places where nothing else will grow. Old abandoned roads appeared across the landscape like lavender blue ribbons stretching into the distance. Dainty little pentstemons with their delicate lilac fingerlets along fragile little stems scattered their beauty along the banks by the roadside. Yellow and red gaillardias dotted the highway embankments. Little short-stemmed black-eyed susans, white oenothera, and other flowers helped to increase the variety. I had ample proof that Spring had really come to the cattle grazing country and I was hoping I could find some irises blooming when I reached the city. Driving out of Tijeras Pass (which is over 7,000 feet high, I was told) I came in sight of Albuquerque and as I drove down Central Avenue entering the city I began to watch for iris, wondering if they would yet be blooming. After passing the State University I noticed a row of Cardinal in bloom along a high wall. Later while looking up two elicits I noticed Isoline and Magnifica in bloom inside a fence and realized I had driven smack into another iris season. I knew we had a judge in Albuquerque, Mr. Clarke, so as soon as the day's work was finished I called at his place only to find him away. It seems his duties now keep him rather on the move all the time so that he does not grow any iris at the place where he is living. That was disappointing, but after observing his rather extensive collection of cactus, some of which were in bloom and very beautiful, I was told there was a collection of irises at the State University, so next morning I drove out there and located the bed where the gardener grows all the newest of their acquisitions.

Now, growing iris in New Mexico is hardly as easy as it is for some of us in other sections of this great country. The gardener told me he brought in much humus from the mountains (you who are not yet weaned from lime take note: there's not much limestone in that country and humus would come from under the pines and would be quite acid) and also used considerable fertilizer in preparing the soil. The beds are watered by flooding between the rows, which are quite close together. (All plantings and lawns are entirely dependent upon irrigation.) Under this treatment, which involves considerable labor, some varieties produce quite respectable stems and plenty of flowers. Some

few others are quite short with badly bunched inflorescence. Purissima was blooming on stems about sixteen to twenty inches high and not looking at all as Purissima should look. But there were a few old acquaintances doing well—some of them not so old to commerce either. For instance, the first thing I noticed and readily identified was Eilah. This has always been consistently the same wherever I have seen it and I have been seeing it since the Spring of 1933, when it was shown under number in Quality Gardens in Freeport. There be those who do not like the style of flower which it carries but it does have good color which carries well, good stalk, fine thrifty foliage, plenty of bloom well placed, and good proportion. Magenta and Ministre Fernand David were the brightest and best I had ever seen them. Black Wings very fine, deep and velvety. Lux very nicely colored. Dolly Madison in her best form. Red Dominion about the reddest thing they had. Other things were Claude Aureau, Ashtoreth, Pluie d'Or, Valor, Desert Gold, K. V. Ayres, Alta California, Sachem, Evolution, Boadicea, Shirvan, Red Radiance.

There was considerable interest in this planting. I was out there two or three times and people were stopping continually to look at them.

Two weeks later I drove to Denver by way of Albuquerque, Santa Fe, Las Vegas, Raton, Trinidad, Pueblo and Colorado Springs, a very interesting drive to a flower lover. Passing over Raton Pass one will encounter *Iris missouriensis* from the highest altitudes down to just a little above the city of Trinidad. It was in full bloom at that time. I noticed considerable variation in color and also in stature. And I found blooming in close proximity to these irises a fragile looking, velvety leaved clematis; also a beautiful deep yellow baptisia. Farther to the north the beautiful little *Pentstemon humilis* was ever present and in the shadow of Greenhorn Peak south of Pueblo it was at its beautiful best, absolutely carpeting the slopes with light purple, lavender and pure blue. It would be hard to visualize this sight from the printed page unless one has actually seen it. Here and there a splash of scarlet signalized the presence of *Castilleja coccinea* or Indian Paint Brush, certainly a bright little parasite of striking appearance. It brought me up short with my foot on the brake a time or two until I came to know what it was. Occasional linarias, wild lupines, etc., added to the picture.

I spent the week-end at Colorado Springs in the shadow of

Pike's Peak. The plantings of lilacs about the streets were in bloom and the air was redolent with their sweetness. Columbines in much variety lined the streets and parkings with many other spring blooming plants. A beautiful city in its own right but of first interest to me because the home of Mrs. Marriage and Upton Gardens with its multitude of species and varieties of native and garden plants, Dr. Loomis with his genial personality and his extensive experiments with seedling tall bearded irises, and Mrs. Kernochan, who loves iris species, more power to her.

I was out to Upton Gardens as early as possible and found I was too early in the season to see tall bearded iris. Some early varieties were coming along but the main season would arrive some ten days or two weeks later. But what a wealth of bloom there was of alpine and various species of native and garden plants. *Trollius* was blooming in drifts, perfectly grown. *Pentstemon Crandalli* creeping among the rocks and in full bloom, *Aquilegia saximontana*, a little columbine the size of bird's-foot violet, *Androsace sarmentosum* blooming at the foot of a tree, a tiny little pentstemon that Mrs. Marriage had lately discovered on the peaks just at snow line, a creeper and almost like a lichen growing on the rocks; this pentstemon has not been identified as a named species as yet and it is probably a new discovery entirely. Certainly an interesting place. Time and space would not permit me to give a complete account of the many interesting things seen here within two hours' time under the direction of that gracious lady, Mrs. Marriage, who was very busy, but took time to show me around anyway.

At the home of Dr. Loomis I discovered a few tall bearded irises in bloom in frames. *Jasmania* under frame treatment had put on a mask of bronze and was almost unrecognizable. W. R. Dykes was among those present. The species *Ricardi* was blooming well and so was its descendant, Morocco Rose, a pink edition of *Ricardi* with standards peculiarly crinkled and standing slightly open but also standing up. Falls not so "pink" as standards and showing the typical brown of *Ricardi* on the haft.

Dr. Loomis is a very enthusiastic seedling grower but rather hard to please with his own seedlings. However, there was one seedling, 0-1, a yellow, that he had liked well enough to keep a picture which he let me see. I should like to see it in bloom since the picture shows fine stature and proportion and a wealth of bloom.

And it was there that I almost saw *Iris Gatesii* in bloom. He had three plants growing well, each in a separate wooden container on a shelf in a concrete pit glassed in. Two of these plants were in bud, long gray buds apparently almost ready to pop open, but they didn't pop while I was there and when I passed through there again a few days later I called Dr. Loomis to know if they had bloomed yet but a cool spell had delayed their opening.

Dr. Loomis' gardens were notable for the thrifty condition of the plants. And the large beds of seedlings which had just germinated and grown to a height of nearly a foot were looking fine. He gets occasional seed from William Mohr and had one or two seedlings growing in the borders which had not yet bloomed. He does some hybridizing among the dwarfs, I believe, which is also one of my pet hobbies.

The doctor called Mrs. Kernochan and made an appointment for us and we drove up there where I again entered into a paradise of native plants and iris species. *Mertensias* and *Pentstemons* were again present in variety and there I saw dainty little *Iris lacustris* blooming in profusion under the trees. Many seedlings of various iris species had bloomed, were blooming or getting ready to bloom. Her sibirica seedlings were especially interesting with a considerable range of color already blooming and more to come. Considerable yellow was showing up in her seedlings although she said she was not using any of the yellow species in her crosses.

An iris labelled "nepalensis" was in full bloom and occasioned a considerable discussion as to whether it was the true species; it is a well known fact that seeds bought under this name usually turn out to be a bearded iris of entirely different character; we have seedlings growing here now which appear to be bearded types and the seeds did not have the raphe which is a distinguishing characteristic according to Dykes. Dr. Loomis self-pollenized the bloom and I am anxious to know how the seeds turned out.

A few days later found my business in Denver completed and I drove up to Boulder where I found time to browse around among the gardens and beds of Rockmont Nursery, which serves as a home for the many acquisitions, discoveries and originations of that great botanist, D. M. Andrews. His son, Philip Andrews, is the owner and operator and a very busy man he is. He pointed out places of interest to me and I proceeded to lose myself for some hours among the lilacs, the lath houses and beds which contain so many treasures. May the day soon come when D. M.

Andrews may give us a book showing us and telling us about the many things he has discovered and originated in his explorations and experiments. Nothing short of a book would suffice to tell about the many things of interest that may be seen and learned of at that place. Many notes were made, a very pleasant visit with Mr. and Mrs. Andrews was enjoyed, some *sempervivums* were ordered for delivery at my home, and I departed, full of satisfaction that I had made the visit. Very few iris were in bloom at the Andrews' place. The season was opening but I think most of his seedlings are very late so that I was too early to see them.

In the north part of the city is located the nurseries of J. D. Long and here I got my first real taste of the new iris season among the newer and finer varieties of tall bearded irises. I was surprised at the large quantities of the newer varieties that are growing here. And the nursery is kept in the very best of condition and the plants seem to do their very best. Some varieties that are so often poor performers in some localities were at their best here. Good thrifty foliage topped by good stalks.

Crystal Beauty was very nice. Trail's End best I'd seen since 1933, but buds were turning in toward stalk. Black Wings and Ministre Fernand David good again with excellent color quality. Jean Cayeux showing a little more blue in fall than in other localities.

Marco Polo is a very good red. In Beowulf we have an interesting color tone of red brightened by a golden beard. Buds inclined to turn in but the color tone is worth the difference. Standards barely stand apart and are interestingly crinkled.

Cheerio, still very much used for comparison in the bright reds, doing its very best here.

Junaluska, very good. Standards rose tinged with copper or brown and gold influence; falls a good red. Good stalk. Had to rate it high.

Eros was the finest I've seen. I walked across the field to see what it was only to find it was Eros in double size with a rich color tone of pink touched with gold and practically a self. Stalk was branched a little high but it was certainly impressive. No-we-ta big and fine with a decent stem and the flowers not so bunched. Destiny (Burgess), a giant, blue standards and purple falls. Southern Cross (Burgess), another giant in red purple. Gudrun, still too large for its short stalk.

Suntan, yellow standards, bronze falls with orange beard. Impressive. Fine stalk. Really interesting. These tans and oranges are coming fast.

Naranja, out here the falls were almost brown. Plenty of bloom on a stalk about 32 inches tall. Good. Really a new color tone, with that deep yellow or orange effect.

Lady Paramount and Happy Days were here by the hundreds and the stalks were standing as straight and stiff as could be desired.

Sierra Blue was looking well out there in every way. It seems to me it ought to stay with us for a long time. It does well everywhere that I have seen it.

War Eagle was about as I had seen it in Illinois. Seems to be consistent and is very impressive in size. For those who like its color (a not too bright red purple) it is very satisfactory in performance.

Did not have the pleasure of a visit with Mr. Long, but my impressions of his place and methods of cultivation were very favorable. He certainly has quantity and quality as far as the varieties will permit. So many things were finer than I had seen them elsewhere.

On the day following the trip to Boulder I left Denver on my way home. Arrived on the afternoon of May 27 to find bloom aplenty, but the earlier things were all gone. Our season in the Ozarks is more spread out than further north. Sierra Blue, Shining Waters, Blue Monarch, Eclador, Ella Winchester and many others had all finished. Siegfried was in bloom, badly bunched this year and floppy. We had a very rainy spring and many things were overgrown and tender. I think that would account to a large extent for the poor form of Siegfried last spring. It certainly has interesting color; a yellow ground with edging that appears brown—a yellow and brown plicata.

We transplanted our seedlings from the bed to the field, rather later than usual, and they already had considerable growth.

In Springfield Mr. Simon's seedlings had been pretty badly hit by the drought last year so that he did not have so many seedlings bloom this year. Among them were two yellow blends that were interesting. A white frill was of interest especially to me. Two large blue seedlings joined the parade. His intermediates and dwarfs are a source of interest with unexpected color developments in both.

On June 8 we departed for Freeport and Chicago. Had a very pleasant visit with Mr. and Mrs. Hahn and son in Springfield, Ill. They are certainly enthusiastic iris fans and we enjoyed the visit and gathered quite a bit of iris news while there.

Began seeing things in Mrs. Pattison's gardens on June 11, rather later than common. Anyone who has seen her gardens will realize that it is impossible to include here a comprehensive report on all the fine varieties which are shown there. I can only touch the high spots; only mention things which especially appealed to me and I shall miss many of those.

Copper Lustre seems well named—a copper self with light center.

Summer Tan, standards golden yellow, falls coppery, yellow haft and orange beard. Another nice one.

Alice Harding is a fine light yellow with a stalk 40 inches tall and a flower shape that is finished but it seems a little inclined to rot.

Midwest Gem, a light yellowish blend, rather low.

Tiffany, a very interesting plicata with yellow influence. The falls are sulphur yellow stitched and edged with red. It has good form.

Orloff, another yellow and red stippled plicata, rather frilled. Rather a brown effect but carries well. I had to rate these last two rather high. Certainly something new and distinctive.

Several seedlings from Jacob Sass appeared here. One was a more lively colored Amenti, No. 35-64. This is a giant flower on a tall stalk well branched. Amenti is described: Standards, grayish vinaceous; falls, light mauve; beard, pale yellow; No. 35-64 has more blue influence appearing darker.

The Red Douglas certainly gave me a turn. A fine red, tall and imposing, with a bright orange beard. So far as I know everybody likes it and the demand exceeds the supply. The color seemed very near to Ella Winchester, but it is taller and the beard is bright orange while the beard of Ella Winchester is rather brown. Both very fine.

Smolder is a very good purple very dark with a touch of brown at the center. Everything about it looked good; good form, substance, texture and good carrying quality.

A seedling from New York grown under number 142-2, I believe, was a very nice yellow, deep yellow, very rich. Good shape with falls flaring just enough. When one sees an iris like that

there is trouble getting the rating down to where it sounds reasonable. I think this is to be called Ming Yellow.

Piute is another red, small, but about the reddest yet.

And here was Morocco Rose again; Christabel, a very good red which drew another look. Naranja, that deep glowing yellow. Jasmania, one of our best yellows with fine broad falls flaring a little and with such fine distribution on the stalk. Junaluska doing very nicely here also.

Snowking, certainly one of the finest whites and a monument to Mr. Hans Sass' breeding skill.

Wasatch, a giant plicata, white with blue markings.

On the second day Mrs. Pattison drove over to Wilmette with us and we arrived at Mr. Hall's home just in time to see some beautiful colored pictures he was showing to a party of friends. After the interesting series of colored films he showed slides of iris seedlings and varieties in color. These natural colored slides were very good and it was possible to name all of them as they were shown. These slides should afford us a means of increasing interest in the society and enlarging the membership.

Next morning rather early we got out to Mr. Hall's "south forty," where he maintains as interesting a planting of seedlings as it has ever been my good fortune to see. In such a place a notebook becomes superfluous; one just wants to stand and gaze. A slow step at a time, like a child learning to walk, we gradually circled around the beds trying to soak up all the beauty we could in the half day at our disposal. Finally it became necessary to begin to pick and choose because we certainly couldn't rate them all.

And the first thing I find in my notes is to my mind the best thing I saw the whole season in the new seedlings: No. 36-53, since named Coronet. This is 42 inches tall (I measured it), has a fine stalk branching well down, good proportion throughout: flower to stalk and foliage to stalk. The foliage is fine and thrifty. This is a new color variously described. Some call it apricot yellow; one calls it a tan and beige blend. Anyway it is a self and carries as well as any yellow. As for me, I should describe it something like this: did you ever sit down to a farmer's table and pour out a generous helping of country molasses? Then take out a good portion of butter that was not exactly hard, just of a consistency to mix well, then stir it into the molasses until you had a nice taffy colored mixture that would look just right and blend well on a nicely browned biscuit? Now where will I get the apricot

to mix in with the taffy color? Well, the subject is getting rather tantalizing anyway so perhaps we'd better drop it. But it isn't exactly taffy colored nor is it like the biscuit; just take your choice.

Then there was No. 37-2 which was sure enough apricot. It didn't seem to have the substance of Coronet nor the stalk nor form; but it sure had color. 36 inches tall.

Spring Prom (No. 36-6), fine light yellow, orange beard, wonderful substance, stalk branching three ways; not much to object to in this variety.

Salutation (36-5). Only saw last blooms practically gone. Sister to Spring Prom and early. Much favorable comment.

Victory is a violet bi-color which is a free bloomer and very large and very tall with long bloom season. Color not one that I particularly like but many people do. 42 inches.

No. 36-71 was a brown yellow blend that I liked very much. It had good foliage, a fine stalk 38 inches tall, good substance. Much darker than Coronet and different habit and form. This one is somewhat frilled. 35-34 was another yellow blend with good plant habit and nice color, slightly frilled.

No. 36-72 had rather sandy standards with velvety red purple falls, brown at the haft; good stalk and foliage with fast increase. 43 inches.

No. 36-67 was more red, less sandy than above but with hardly so good foliage and not as much increase. Both interesting flowers.

So many other likely looking seedlings appeared in this garden. There were some good whites, some very nice blues and various blends. Mr. Hall is getting some red ones without the purple; also some near variegatas. Token is a red with yellow influence which looks interesting from the breeder's angle.

During the morning we ran out to Dr. Franklin Cook's garden. This was a place worth seeing. As we discovered it, Mrs. Pattison's impulsive exclamation was: "Isn't it the cutest little garden?" Everything was shipshape and the arrangement of everything was unique—absolutely original—even the hills of corn were specially arranged in neighborly, chummy little clumps. Dr. Cook is our new regional vice-president and he will probably think of several original stunts to keep us on our toes.

And now, this accounting is long over-due but perhaps there will be things of interest to some who will read. Just now the season here at home is a month early. In late March the dwarfs

are over the climax, the intermediates and fall bloomers are beginning, the species tulips and narcissus are in midseason; many other things are far ahead of schedule and who knows what will happen to them? And who knows—shall we see these gardens again this year and others that we have not heretofore seen? And shall we again commune with these wonderful personalities? People of various and sundry callings and occupations but all gardeners when together; people of all ages but all young in the garden. A wonderful, joyous fraternity.

Ozark, Mo.

ADDRESS BY DR. ROGER T. NOOE
SUNRISE DEVOTIONAL SERVICE
PEABODY CAMPUS

SUNDAY, MAY 8, 1938

The celebration of iris week in Nashville was ushered in by a sunrise devotional service held on May 8th, 1938, on the campus of George Peabody College for Teachers. Music was furnished by a large student choir and the address of the occasion was delivered by Dr. Roger T. Nooe, Pastor of the Vine Street Christian Church.

When morning gilds the skies, let God be praised. When earth awakens with poignant beauty, answering to dawn of pearl and purple, when pilgrims from near and far come with the love of the beautiful in their hearts, let God be praised.

We are gathered together in a sanctuary older than temples made with hands, yet as new and fresh as a Maytime morning. All nature is a vast holy Church in which trees and buoyant clouds are the pillars, flowers and grass the velvet carpeting, Heaven itself the large cupola, with walls as wide as our hearts are wide. Here we worship Him whose glory the Heavens declare and whose firmament is His handiwork.

Whatever our divergences of faith, we are united in the Creed: I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and earth. I believe every flower is a thought of God, and in loving flowers we think His thoughts, thus far, after Him, the Master Artist. I believe in making the world beautiful even as I believe in making it good.

Nashville has many claims to distinction. We have a heritage of faith-heroes who dreamed and dared an ordered civilization. Our city is built on a rock. It has enduring foundations. The Parthenon in classic simplicity links us to the Golden Age of Greece. Our schools unite the culture of the past with creative thinking for the future. Our churches stand for the supremacy of the spiritual. Our homes guard the integrity of the family. With all these proud possessions, and forfeiting none, Nashville covets this added distinction, to be known as "The Iris City."

Out of the immemorial past, this flower comes with flame of dawn and colors of the rainbow. It is found in gardens of Orient

and Occident. It has an honored place in the heraldry of nations. It graces with beauty and symbolism altars of worship. The iris is content to grow by simple wayside, yet it honors queens' gardens. It gives its beauty to the poorest who have eyes to see without vaunting itself, yet it is no sycophant when found in more lordly places. It envies no flower of whatever name, nor scorns the lowliest. Like other surprises from Heaven, it does not always come according to our schedule, and it goes when our fond hearts would keep it longer. The iris gives its beauty only for a little while, but such beauty! We find again the truth that a thing of beauty is a joy forever. It leaves memories and hopes rainbowed with many a hue. The iris is an elusive goddess, but lingering even for a little while, all the world is made more beautiful for her coming.

In the garden of St. John's, Oxford, one finds an inscription which reads: "To the memory of Henry Jordan Bidder, fellow, tutor, bursar, vicar of St. Giles, keeper of the groves. This rock garden which he made and loved is his monument." Blessings upon all who have with labor of hand and love of heart made aught of contribution toward Nashville as the Iris City!

One there is of this number whose standard at the Coronation of Royal Blue and Gold deserves foremost place. The name of Chancellor Kirkland will be forever associated with scholarship, but his creative love for the iris has written his name in the immortality of recurring springtime and all the gifts of warmth and color she showers upon a waiting world.

We have our hymns of praise, our credo, and our esthetic appreciation. Deeper still, we feel the sense of wonder, the mystery of color, the reverence for life, the aspiration to be beautiful within as we would make the world to be beautiful without. We are led by a flowered path from the gift to the Giver. With such thought and feeling, we are not far from Him who maketh everything beautiful in its season.

So to the Lord of all Gardens, we pray: "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us. Yea, the work of our hands, establish Thou it."

A WINTER IRIS JAUNT

Mrs. W. G. Du Mont

■ Most of the iris trips which I have enjoyed in this BULLETIN have been in blooming season. However, when blooming season comes I am busy as busy, so my jaunts must necessarily come in the winter. The one this past winter was so enjoyable I am prompted to tell about it.

December first, on my way to Aberdeen, South Dakota, I stopped with friends in St. Paul, and we called on Robert Schreiner. The afternoon was spent amid much talk in looking out over his covered iris beds. His wind-swept elevation calls for thickly planted windbreaks, and branches to hold his hay and straw covering in place. We looked over photographs from which he was choosing the just right ones for his 1938 catalogue. With the membership becoming so photographic-conscious, his was the first of several types I was to find throughout the winter. Most of his photographs were made late at night, in his well ordered basement, under a strong flood light, producing black and whites in great detail, ideal for catalogue use.

The next lap of my journey came January first, stopping in Omaha to see the Sassses. This is the second winter visit I've made there, both in such contrast to the excitement of blooming season trips.

At Jacob's there was a brand new color camera with which slides are made—one exposure making one slide. The roll of films must be returned to the Eastman Company for development. The first roll came back while I was there. It was a privilege to watch Jacob and his five stalwart sons, each so kindly considerate of the others, around the dining table, intent upon making the eight returned films into slides. Then what fun to be in on the first showing! A projector and a screen are part of the equipment.

Mr. and Mrs. Hans Sass and Anna came for the gala evening. We had called there during the day. The Red Douglas and Prairie Sunset are their greatest pride just now. With newer and greater things happening constantly in iris breeding, one wonders what will come next.

In talking with the three San Antonio members of the American Iris Society, I soon found out that I should have to relearn iris

growing, if I should garden there—found out, too, why iris I had given my daughter had not flourished, grown as I had tried to tell her.

Mr. George Allen, Mr. J. H. French and Mr. Eddie Fanick each approach iris growing from a different angle. Mr. Allen is the scientific man. His small garden is a growing laboratory, testing all sorts of methods and varieties. Many of the varieties we, of the North, think are so easy, just don't succeed at all in that particular section, where the warmth from the Gulf and the cold from the hills fight for winter supremacy. Mr. Allen crosses the good actors with the finer new varieties, hoping to develop a race for this Southwest. He is a commercial artist, using his brush instead of a camera to picture his iris. The pictures are so well done, I could name, without hesitation, those I knew.

Mr. French, now retired, is most fortunate in having his iris hobby to which to devote his time. And how he likes it! His interest is in growing them well. His large garden, enclosed by a high hedge, is in a series of rectangular beds, with grass paths between. In the beds he grows from fifty to a hundred of a kind, thus giving a splendid opportunity to note the foliage. All the California iris with ricardi and mesopotamica blood were vigorous. A bed of California Blue was more than a foot high in January, while those of Dominion strain were barely showing above the ground. It was a matter of much amusement to find the French pools, where the water iris are grown, surrounded by Page fence, to keep the frogs out, so the family could sleep peacefully and not be awakened by "A-jug-a-rum."

Mr. Fanick, young and vigorous, finds nothing too much work, when it comes to iris. His two city lots are overflowing into a farm which is an irrigated hillside, sloping to the east. He has great visions for its development. His present intense interest is crossing the Louisiana natives with other beardless forms.

I was surprised to find Leverrier the best doer of all iris, outside of Albicans.

These San Antonio men seemed more than pleased with the fact that this winter three members of the American Iris Society had called upon them—Mr. Charles Wassenberg, Mr. A. W. Mackenzie and myself.

A charming blue-eyed grass, *sisyrinchium*, made blue patches along the roadside, delightful to find, when walking, but entirely lost to the automobile driver, whizzing by. These little

sisyrinchiums (there are several varieties native to Texas) are lovely planted next to a path. In Mr. and Mrs. Allen's garden they were responding beautifully to cultivation.

I was impressed by the steadiness of bloom in San Antonio. Not one big burst from the tall bearded, that I have been used to, but a continual coming and going. On my last visit to Mr. Allen's garden, he said forty-eight varieties had bloomed and gone since January first.

Motoring to Natchez, Mississippi, with some San Antonio women I saw the natives blooming in Louisiana, along the highway. In Natchez, Albicans was showing its familiar face. After leaving Natchez on the trek north, I have a feeling there was a transition from Albicans to Florentina, but since it rained all that day, it is all a guess.

In the beautifully maintained garden at Montaigne, in Natchez, great colonies of a white Dutch iris were in their prime. I'd love to be able to grow bulbous iris like that.

My last contact with iris personalities was on the North Shore in Chicago when I went one evening to Mr. and Mrs. David F. Hall's. Mr. Hall, as Vice President of the ninth region, was so successful, his successor, Dr. Franklin Cook, seems intent upon continuing the same get-together-often policy. It was an eventful evening at the Hall house, with quite a Cook crowd: Dr. and Mrs. Cook, his father and mother, as well as my daughter and her husband, T. Dickerson Cooke. Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Chrisman and Billy helped us look at Mr. Hall's slides in color, a leisurely showing with as long as we liked for discussions.

As a fitting climax, on reaching home I found Louisiana natives had wintered in the garden of Mr. Fritz Lehmann. A year ago he purchased them from Cypress Knee Nursery, near New Orleans, and was instructed to plant them in a well-drained situation, rather than under the conditions to which they are native. Mr. Lehmann has them on a slope in frames. The winter covering was straw—no sash. He had no losses and many are budded at this writing, mid-May.

Des Moines, Iowa

IRIS PLANTING HINTS FOR SOUTHWEST TEXAS

EDDIE FANICK

■ The question "where shall I plant my iris" seems to be on the lips of those who start an iris garden in our locality. I now, after years of experimenting in this work, believe that I can give some helpful hints to those who are planning an iris garden, or adding a few irises to their garden.

Since iris in our locality have no specific time in bursting out in full blossom, and will not bloom in union, as they do in the North and East, we can not enjoy masses of iris, and mass plantings are disappointing, especially if mixed varieties are planted together or in adjoining beds.

Due to our everchanging climate, and mild winters, we can only get scattered or prolonged blooms; they just don't seem to make up their minds as to when they wish to parade, no team work with them. They just put forth their blossoms when they get ready and that may be anytime from Christmas Day to June tenth.

Records kept of flowering dates for a number of years show a wide variation in blooming dates. Take, for instance, Freida Mohr, blossomed in 1934, May; 1935, February; 1936, April; 1937, February; 1938, March. Planting of same variety in two separate clumps, one bloomed in February, another in May, and so on with others. The only iris that we can depend on to be on time are the early bloomers. They usually start in January. The intermediates don't keep their date well, and the others, as we say, no regular dates.

We feel fortunate, and appreciate their action, because we can enjoy blossoms from Christmas Day to June, a long season, plus the fall bloomers, who give us blossoms 3 to 4 times a year. I usually have Eleanor Roosevelt in bloom for Christmas, Easter, 4th of July, and in October.

With such scattered blossoming, we must plant our irises in such manner that they work in a scheme with other plants, flowers, or shrubbery. Anyone with good taste for color or arrangement of plants can work in iris very artistically, and enjoy their beauty throughout the year.

I will describe some interesting plantings that I have seen or

made myself. Iris as a border or edging plant are excellent, but much more effective when planted with other flowers to help carry the show.

For instance, take a bed 2 feet wide along a walk, using mixed bearded iris varieties to keep a long blooming season, planting them next to the walk as edging plants, the tallest near the house, next a row of California Poppy, third row Texas Blue Bonnets; this combination of blue and gold is very colorful and a sight to behold in early spring, and it does not detract from the irises that come out to show their best. Later this can be replanted for summer with dwarf zinnias or dwarf cockscombs; others may prefer to use for their schemes phlox, white candytufts, calendulas, or many other winter and spring flowers that bloom here with iris.

Iris also work well in mixed flower beds. When taller varieties of iris are used, it is surprising, but other flowers do not detract from an iris blossom, as most think, if a little care is taken in the proper color schemes, and other flowers not allowed to overshadow the iris. They like the companionship of other plants during our hot summer days. However, they must not be overcrowded. Iris so planted are delightful, and seem to show their beauty above other flowers.

For the business man or woman, who only have their week-ends to tend a garden, I recommend planting lilies among iris. I tried this scheme once, in a bed 3 feet wide 50 feet long, along a wall. In it were planted 25 clumps of iris, all different shades, 3 plants in each clump. Among these were planted 200 bulbs of narcissus and daffodils, using 50 paper white, 50 Chinese sacred, 50 Soliel d'Or, and 50 Sir Watkin; these gave blossoms from January till April, and blended well with iris as they bloomed. For the summer this was replanted with portulaca, which played "hide and go seek" among the iris till fall, when it was replaced with lilies. Such planting requires only occasional watering and cultivation. If you should happen to be away for a month, all still will be there, and in good shape. The bulbs are left in the ground throughout the year, and need only be transplanted every 2d or 3rd year with the irises. Portulacas, being hot weather plants, make fine company for iris, shading the rhizomes during the summer days. Other lilies can be used, such as hemerocallis, amaryllis, and a score of others that do so well here.

I favor planting of irises among shrubbery, evergreen and trees. Iris fans close up the open gaps and bare legs of trees and shrubs.

Evergreens serve as an effective background for iris blossoms, plus the partial shade that they get and want so much during our hot sunny summers. Iris planted in this manner must be fertilized each year, as they are robbed of their food by their neighbors; otherwise they keep good company.

A beautiful scheme can be had by using the *Spirea Van Houtte* as background for light blue or pink iris. *Forsythia* sets off the dark purples and red tones, and so on. Stone walls and hedges make fine settings for iris. Around a pool iris reflect their beauty to no end, and they do love to grow in rockeries and on hillsides.

The most artistic plantings of iris are those in naturalistic gardens, planted among our many Texas wildflowers. I will relate some of the beauty spots I have seen. An unusual and effective one was *Iris Kochii* among prickly pear cactus. The golden blossom of the cactus, with the rich purple of *Kochii*, was hard to beat. Another remarkable planting was a typical West Texas setting—species of native cactus, shrubs and trees, huge boulders and odd rock formations scattered about, among which were planted hundreds of mixed iris, placed near these huge rocks or tucked among the cactus and shrubbery, with native wildflowers throughout the garden; this garden is a sight to behold in the spring. I know of another naturalistic garden near our city, situated on a hillside, with a grove of native Texas Laurels, Huisache, Ratimas, and Agaritas. Hundreds of our hardy *Iris albicans* are growing wild in this natural setting. In the early spring, when these native trees are in bloom, irises wave their white flags of peace.

There are hundreds of places where you can plant iris in naturalistic settings. I could go on and on, but you must work out your own schemes and harmony. Try painting a picture with iris and your Texas wildflowers together for a surprise sometime.

Public parks and estates are ideal places for naturalistic plantings of iris, and it is hoped that, in the near future, those responsible for our public parks will heed our advice. I know of a park in central Texas where hundreds of iris are growing wild throughout the wooded sections, planted among trees and shrubbery—a noble idea, and a delight to visit in spring.

So I say again, don't plant irises in masses. Aside from commercial and exhibition gardens, mass plantings are not desirable. For the average home gardens, scattered clumps are advised with other flowers to help us carry our garden on parade throughout the year.

SUBSTANCE IN IRIS

HOWARD WEED

■ We often regret that the florists do not use more iris flowers in their work. Their excuse is that the flowers are fragile and will not stand the rough handling in the making up of floral pieces, bouquets and the like. They also complain that the flowers do not stand up and last for only a short time when out of water.

Can this condition be remedied in the future? I think the breeders are working to this end, for flowers of greater SUBSTANCE are being produced each year. Substance is that quality in a flower that means thickness in the petals which allows greater strength for endurance. Perhaps you have noticed that in most of the recent new originations the descriptions read "fine substance." This is a character we must look for in all of our new varieties, for it means greater stability and lasting qualities of a flower.

To explain this in greater detail, let us take two varieties and compare them for substance. The variety Crystal Beauty, as all will admit, is a worthy fine tall white with many flowers nicely arranged upon the stem. Yet when we feel of the petals with the thumb and finger, we see how thin these petals are, and after the flower has been out a few hours, it begins to look wilted. The flower life is comparatively short. No wonder then that the florists cannot use it in their work, for they want a more enduring lasting flower—one that will stand rough handling.

But take another variety, such as Porcelain Beauty, and one finds the petals quite thick when pressed between the thumb and fingers. Thus we see that this variety has substance and will stand rough handling. Not only this, but as we watch the flowers from day to day, we find that the flowers last a long time in bloom, a single flower lasting for a full week. This lasting quality is an important feature in the selection of new varieties and to which I believe all breeders are paying much attention. We surely have enough varieties now from which to choose, so let our future flowers have SUBSTANCE.

COMMERCIAL DIRECTORY

All of the dealers listed below are members of The American Iris Society. If you are buying Iris for your garden, it should be your particular pleasure to make your purchases from the dealers who have worked with and supported your society. Your officers and directors invite your particular attention to this list. They also ask a favor. When you order, tell the dealer you saw his name in the BULLETIN and do him a favor by not asking for a catalog unless you mean business.

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The 1935, 1936 and 1937 Daffodil Yearbooks went to many members of The American Iris Society and it is hoped that the 1938 issue will go to even more, since narcissus make a wonderful picture before the iris fill the garden. If you have not discovered this, try them. The 1938 Yearbook is of great value and sells for the ridiculously low price of fifty cents. Some copies of the 1936 issue are still available. Give yourself a treat and order both. Send your remittance to the Secretary, American Horticultural Society, 821 Washington Loan and Trust Building, Washington, D. C.

1938 READY IN APRIL

THE AMERICAN IRIS SOCIETY

It has been called to our attention that there is a chance that someone who is not a member of the A. I. S. may read your copy of the BULLETIN and wonder how he too may become a subscriber. If you happen to be such a reader, let us assure you that the Society welcomes to membership all persons who feel that special knowledge of iris would be welcome in their gardening.

Membership is by the CALENDAR year. Annual Membership is three dollars; Triennial Membership is eight dollars and fifty cents; Life Membership is fifty dollars.

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